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UTILITARIANISM AND ITS OPPOSITE.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY, BY FREDERICK CAMPBELL, '77, OF N. Y.

The one great dispute in the field of moral philosophy, has not been whether there is such a thing as moral obligation ; this has been acknowledged. Nor has it been whether such and such a course is right. But the grand question has been, "What is the ground of moral obligation?" On this point, men have separated into two different schools, the Utilitarian and the Intuitive ;—the former holding that the tendency to promote happiness or its opposite, makes an action respectively right or wrong ; the latter, that right and wrong are intuitively perceived *as such*, independently of their effects or tendencies.

The Utilitarian school of moralists, "which accepts as the foundation of morals, utility, or the greatest happiness principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong, as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness." This is the definition given by Mr. J. S. Mill.

At the outset, it may be maintained that no one can be held responsible, who neither knows, nor has any means of knowing what is right, and what is wrong. Now the principle of utility is put forward as the only true moral guide. How do men discover this? How is it revealed as such? Mr. Mill endeavors to prove it and uses the following argument. "Happiness is desirable, and the only thing desirable as an end." "The only proof capable of being given that an object is visible, is that people see it; the only proof that a sound is audible, is that people hear it. * * * * In like manner, I apprehend, the sole evidence it is possible to produce that anything is desirable, is that people do actually desire it." Mr. Mill has here fallen into a grievous fallacy of etymology, assuming that because the terminations in the words are the same, they convey the same meaning, which is not the case. For, "visible" means "that may be seen;" while "desirable" signifies "*worthy* of desire." The fact that people do desire happiness, does not prove it to be desirable. All men in their natural state desire evil. Is evil therefore desirable? Thus Mill has failed to prove his principle through this fallacy; while an earlier Utilitarian, Bentham, acknowledges that it cannot be proved.

If therefore a man has never been brought to realize that this principle should regulate his life, how can its "partisans" blame him for certain actions which they call wrong? This they do, and declare him worthy of punishment. On what principle then do they censure him, if they declare this to be the only principle according to which "the words 'right' and 'wrong' have a meaning?"

The fact of virtuous actions being attended by pleasure, and vicious actions by pain, does not prove that these pleasures and pains are what render them virtuous or vicious. Even if virtuous actions were invariably followed by happiness, we could not assert that these actions are made virtuous by reason of this happiness. The invariable presence

of one thing, does not necessarily render it the cause of that which it attends. Night, though always attending or preceding day, does not cause it. However, we are hasty if we allow that virtuous actions are always followed by pleasure and vicious by pain. Can it be said that every advance in virtue procures a proportionate advance in happiness? The youth who cultivates his intellect, and, laying aside his boyish occupations, devotes himself to the higher side of his nature, is doing something commendable, virtuous. But will it be maintained that a proportionate increase in the amount of his happiness is the result? Who can doubt the fullness of happiness, possessed by the child at his sports? With the acquisition of knowledge, comes care, anxiety, fatigue, discouragement. And it may well be questioned whether one becomes the possessor of more happiness by this process of educating himself and becoming a man. So with the career of nations. Lecky points out a noticeable instance; *viz.*: that of extending the domain of truth, as opposed to that of superstition. The number of Utilitarians, who will deny that the acquisition of truth is a virtue, is small; whatever will break up the clouds of superstition, which have enveloped the human mind, and let in the clear sunlight of truth, is certainly noble. Yet is it all sunlight? How much comfort men formerly took in their superstitions; in the protection of the gods; in the favor of the saints. And does it bring in the sun-light to tell them that all these beliefs, hopes, confidences, were delusions? Said the wife of Luther, when she had thrown aside superstition, and accepted the truth, "Why is it that in our old faith we prayed so often and so warmly, and that our prayers are now so few and so cold?" It may well be questioned whether we are carrying on this warfare against superstition, for the sake of happiness, since it is still a matter of doubt whether greater happiness is reached by the attainment of truth. And until Utilitarians can convince themselves, that knowledge contains more happiness than superstition, they may well

doubt whether their system commands superstition to make way for truth.

It must be conceded that in these instances, our efforts arise not from an expectation of pleasure, but from other motives. We act from an intuitive perception of the superiority of these ends over mere happiness. The universal voice of mankind, uttered in all ages, must be recognized, which draws a distinction between our lower and higher natures; between virtue and utility; between what is in itself noble, and self-interest.

And here we meet the assertion, that the motive which Utilitarianism supplies, is not self-interest, but a universal interest. It cannot be denied however, that early forms of the system were selfish; this appears on the face of them. Moreover, Bentham states his rule thus: "By the principle of utility is meant that principle which approves or disapproves of every action whatsoever, according to the tendency which it appears to have, to augment or diminish the happiness of the party whose interest is in question." "Appears!" And how often will it appear that we are working for the interest of others, when in reality, we are striving for self? How easy to deceive one's self, and make things appear as they are not! And how often will we convince ourselves that we are the party whose interest is in question! Even with those who try to make the system include the rest of mankind, self-interest is the *motive*, notwithstanding: the subjective pleasure derived therefrom is the motive to work for the happiness of others. This renders Utilitarianism essentially a selfish system.

But while it looks to the interest of the individual, does it at the same time, tend to elevate the individual to the highest virtue? A system of morals which claims that it is the true one, ought to show that it tends to the elevation of virtue in the individual as well as in mankind as a whole. Now in the first place, the very fact that Utilitarianism presents self-interest as the motive, is one which condemns it. What man was

ever made noble by bringing himself into all his considerations ? He who is continually seeking his own happiness, is in a poor condition to reach the highest moral excellence. Secondly, it is said, that if happiness is promoted and pain avoided, the act is good. Now it is evident that an act could be performed whose influence would not extend beyond the person performing it, which would confer upon the doer a certain amount of happiness, and yet tend neither to render those about him unhappy nor even to make an example. Such acts are sanctioned by Utilitarianism. But their debasing influence upon the individual, who can doubt ? Here then exists a strong objection to Utilitarianism, in that it allows certain acts which hinder, if they do not prevent, the moral development of the individual who performs them.

But further, is not direct and open immorality sanctioned by this system ? What object have men in doing wrong except the pleasure to be obtained from such a course of conduct ? And what is Utilitarianism, but a system which says, " Pursue happiness, make self-interest your motive, and you will be virtuous ? " If compliance with such a rule of conduct would not lead to immoralities, acknowledged such, what would ? The older Utilitarianism recognized no distinction in pleasure in point of quality. In our own day however, J. S. Mill, a follower of this school, has attempted such a distinction. But in what does he make this quality to consist ? Virtually in quantity. And how are we to estimate them ? By testimony. That is, we are to discover what pleasures are of a higher quality by discovering what pleasures worthy people prefer. But what makes these people worthy ? Their preference for these higher pleasures. Is not this an *argumentum in circulo* ?

The fact that Mr. Mill reduces quality of pleasure to quantity, virtually excludes quality altogether. And arguing in a circle, also fails to prove some pleasures of a higher kind than others. So then, it is virtuous to pursue any pleasures only so that they are really such. And this, all must acknowledge, will lead to immoral conduct.

Furthermore, not only does this principle of utility require that the tendency of our actions be to increase happiness, but also to diminish pain or unhappiness. Now, if there is any character in which we delight, it is that of the man who goes about visiting the sick, sympathizing with the afflicted; the man who is willing to undergo a certain amount of pain himself, by the very act of witnessing the sufferings of others. But what says Bentham? "The pains of benevolence are the pains supposed to be endured by other beings." That system has little to commend it, which will not allow whatever pains may be connected with noble acts of benevolence. Another class of pains in Bentham's classification, consists of those of desire. Are we then to crush those lofty aspirations of the spirit of man which go out in desire after all that is noble, and call them wrong, and him who possesses them guilty, because he suffers a pain of desire?

Lest it should be objected that Bentham's classification of pains does not bear upon this discussion, observe his own words when he has finished: "Is an offence committed? It is the tendency which it has to destroy in such or such persons some of these pleasures, or to produce some of these pains, that constitutes the mischief of it, and the ground for punishing it."

Again, not only is Utilitarianism a system fitted to degrade the individual, produce immorality, and stifle some of the noblest workings of the human mind, but, striking at the very core of the matter, it proclaims that there is no distinction to be made in motives; that morality does not attach to them. Bentham and Mill both make this assertion. Observe Bentham's words on this subject: "Let a man's motive be ill-will; call it even malice, envy, cruelty; it is still a kind of pleasure that is his motive; the pleasure he takes at the thought of the pain which he sees or expects to see, his adversary undergo. Now even this wretched pleasure, taken by itself is good: it may be faint; it may be short; it must at

any rate be impure : yet while it lasts, and before any bad consequences arrive, it is as good as any other that is not more intense." Bentham does however attach morality to dispositions ; but he acknowledges that " it is evident that the nature of a man's disposition must depend upon the nature of the motives he is apt to be influenced by." How then, we ask, can the motives be neutral, if upon them depends the nature of a man's disposition, which is not neutral ? And if it is still held that motives are neutral, how can dispositions, which, as it is said, have a nature dependent upon the nature of the motives,—how then on such ground, can dispositions be anything but neutral also ? And this leads us to the inevitable conclusion that a man is not to be held responsible for his dispositions ; or, in other words, that no one is accountable for the character he bears.

There was once a time, when men could picture to themselves many deities. But truth has gained a foothold ; and as her advance has continued from age to age, Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, have been compelled to flee before her armies, which have proclaimed one supreme God. And wherever this supreme God is recognized, there too is recognized the perfection of His kingdom, and the eternal justice which supports His immutable throne. The Almighty is looked upon as the complete embodiment of the *summum bonum* itself. The connection of this with the principle of utility is a vital one.

The Utilitarian school proceeds by induction. How are we to arrive at the righteousness of God by such a process ? It is through this inner voice of conscience that we arrive at such a conclusion. What means its character, if it was not formed by a perfect God ? Induction might lead us to quite an opposite conclusion. If we gather up the simple facts as they lie about us, we might be led to the inference that God does not desire the happiness of His creatures, and therefore is not a righteous God. For only on this principle of utility, so says Bentham, do the words " right " and " wrong " have a

meaning ; consequently the word " righteous " which involves the word " right " can have a meaning, only on this principle. So then, if we proceed to form an induction from external facts, shall we not be forced to the conclusion that God is unrighteous ? If we gather together all the cases of suffering, of woe, of anguish, which this wretched world contains, will they not far outweigh the happiness to be found ? But supposing that the collective sum of pain does not outweigh the collective sum of happiness ; still, a single instance would suffice, in which it could be said that God had performed an action, the tendency of which was to the pain of " the party whose interest was in question."

Most of those who accept the Bible will admit the following brief statements and inferences :

All men were formed by the act of God ;

Some men have died in their sins ;

Those who die in their sins are forever unhappy ;

Therefore : Some men, formed by the act of God, are forever unhappy. God has therefore made some men, knowing that the tendency of such acts was to their eternal pain. Consequently God is unrighteous.

But some rejecting the Bible, hold that there is no future punishment in store for any human being. Let such look out on every side ; how many will present themselves to view, upon whom sorrow falls in blow after blow ; whose only existence seems to be one of woe unmitigated. Will not the same argument hold here ? God has created these persons with the knowledge that the tendency of these acts was to their suffering in this world ; which makes a wrong action. So then, whether a Utilitarian accepts the Bible or not, how can he escape the conclusion, that according to his system of morals, we have an unrighteous God ? that His throne, supposed to be established upon eternal foundations of justice, is, in reality, by His own act, undermined, ready to fall ?

And if He, in Whom it should be supposed that the very sum of righteousness exists,—if He is thus found unrighteous,

what further restraint is there upon man? To whom can he then be held accountable? Not to conscience; such a faculty is excluded from the system. Not to fellow-men; one is guilty as well as another. Not to God; He has broken the very law under which man is placed. Man is left accountable to none. The very ideas of right and wrong have no power to uphold and enforce them. The temple of Right breaks the feeble props which men had placed for its support, and is shivered to atoms on the rocks below.

If now the objections, which have been brought against this system of morals, are valid, it is certainly worthless. Therefore, let us look at its opposite, the Intuitive theory of morals. Bentham speaks of it as the "moral sense," or "common sense" theory. This maintains that man has an original faculty which points out to him the right and the wrong; that this moral sense is common to all men. This theory, Bentham claims to be reducible to the principle of "sympathy and antipathy," which principle, he seems to think, is little more than mere caprice; he says, "By the principle of sympathy and antipathy, I mean that principle which approves or disapproves of certain actions, merely because a man finds himself disposed to approve or disapprove of them: holding up that approbation or disapprobation as a sufficient reason for itself, and disclaiming the necessity of looking out for any extrinsic ground." If this is his definition of the moral sense system, we must take issue with it. The man who claims to be governed by his moral sense, or conscience, will deny that his mere disposition to approve or disapprove constitutes this moral sense; certain acts of which he is *disposed* to approve, his conscience points out as wrong; while on the other hand, certain acts of which he is disposed to disapprove, his moral sense claims to be right and obligatory. He feels that the decisions of this arbiter do not arise from his own will; he is conscious of a higher faculty, independent, as it were, of himself; that that faculty, possesses its own "extrinsic ground" for its decisions,

though this ground be sometimes hidden ; that these decisions carry with them their own authority, and must be obeyed.

The two principal objections brought against the existence of a moral faculty, are, first, that it does not appear in all, and secondly, that there are diversities in moral judgments. In regard to the first point, travelers, who have visited countries inhabited by savages, horrify us with terrible tales of barbarity ; they declare that the acts of these people prove that they make no distinction whatever, between right and wrong. In reply, we would say, that in all probability, these writers have taken a very hasty and general view, while passing through a country. Could they reach the hearts of these barbarians, they would find that they make moral distinctions there. In their daily and more retired life, this moral sense will assert itself, if not in the old, at least in the young. The truth is that these travelers have not been able to penetrate into the heart of the savage. And in fact there are many cases in which a savage has been known to decide between right and wrong. But even if we should admit that in some this faculty is wanting, the non-existence of such a faculty in others would not be thereby proven. Are we to argue that the faculty of hearing is not a general one because some people are deaf ?

The second objection relates to diversities of moral judgment. It is alleged that because there is so great diversity in the moral judgments of men, there cannot be a common faculty which forms these judgments. This argument is not well founded. For, in the first place, it will generally be found that the diversity relates to the details of duty, rather than to moral principles. With regard to these principles, men are agreed ; it is when they come to apply them to the manifold complications of life, in which process other faculties, which are not infallible are employed,—it is then that we find the difference.

In the second place, it is alleged that men have in different ages, upheld different courses of conduct, bearing on the same

subject; and this, so it is said, is diversity in moral judgment. To this we may first reply, that conscience, like other mental faculties, is capable of education and culture. If in the past, men have held a certain course to be right which to-day is condemned, it indicates that their consciences had not reached that point of culture to which they have now attained. But more than that, there was in existence, even in those times, a conscience, directing to the observance of the very same *principle*, which is now observed in a *stricter* manner; and gradually, while passing through its process of education, ever enjoining the observance of the same rule, it has become more and more acute, until it has reached its present state.

In the third place, conscience, like man's other faculties, is liable to perversion. Normally, conscience directs properly. But through the wickedness of human nature, it may be blunted, and induced to act in an abnormal manner. Is it then safe, it is asked, to be governed by a faculty so readily perverted? No, not exclusively. The ease with which it is perverted renders it necessary to seek some means, to set it aright.

And here enters what Bentham calls the theological principle, which refers our duty to the will of God as revealed in His Word. This, he declares, turns out to be the same principle which he advocates. For, so he says, the Word of God, itself, needs interpretation at the hands of men, before it can be used as a guide; and those very interpretations must be conformed to the principle of utility. He asks how we are to know what is God's pleasure; and answers, "By observing what is our own pleasure, and pronouncing it to be His."

In reply to this, let it be said, first, supposing it true that the Bible in all cases required human interpretation; it would still be a question whether it should be interpreted upon utilitarian grounds. This would be a degradation of an infallible guide down to a variable instrument, to be adjusted by each individual according to his pleasure.

Secondly, the Word of God, quite independently of human interpretation, plainly points out the path of duty for every

one : there are obscurities ; yet the truth remains, that it marks out the path of duty with such distinctness, that it cannot be mistaken.

Thirdly, it is a fact, that many, even of those who reject the Bible as inspired, recognize in it a perfect system of morals.

To this theological principle, even conscience must be subject ; to the Word of its own Maker it must ever turn for correction and enlightenment. While from this source it gains new impulse to do its original work, it also urges its possessor to the performance of those duties which are made known there alone. And thus, man is furnished with a double guide, whose normal workings are in perfect harmony ; and only by consenting to follow this guide, can he ever reach the true end of his existence.

In fine, the sentiment of every ingenuous mind, cannot be otherwise than opposed to such a system as Utilitarianism ; one which throws open the way to wickedness ; which stifles some of the noblest workings of the human mind ; which would insinuate itself into the breast in the character of a friend, but in reality a foe ; which, ascending to the throne of Heaven, denies the righteousness of the Almighty ; and thus, one which stands, with utensils in order, ready to undermine the temple of Right, until the whole structure falls in ruins. To such a system, every noble mind must be opposed.

DECORATION DAY.

MAY 30th, 1877.

O Loyal hearts, low buried here,
In death for Freedom's sake made free ;
We bring ye in this dawning year
These emblems of love's memory.
Sleep sweet, O hearts, in rest at last,
Nor dream of battles overpast.

O Father-heart, thine Life and Death ;
From Death Thou callest nobler Life
Here by our dead, guide Thou our faith
To brightest peace from darkest strife.
O Death, thy death we gladly sing !
O Life in Death we hail thee King !

O Mother-heart above each grave,
Columbia, through thy suffering strong,
Thy love make all thy children brave
To stand for right,—to brand the wrong.
Thy Freedom through thy Truth prove tried !
Thy Truth through Freedom glorified.

O Living hearts, ye bear the weight
Of glory which your dead have won.
Be true nor reckon of your fate !
Rest lingers not when toil is done.
Be valiant, nor the cross lay down—
Through patriot's cross come victor's crown.
N. WOOLSEY WELLS.

LITERARY INSPIRATION.

Their is nothing more clearly established in the history of literature than the close relationship existing between the literary and the religious impulse. Not merely do the masterpieces of human genius breathe a religious spirit, but the earliest fruits of the creative impulse are embodied in the sacred books of the race. The sensuous mythologies of Greece and Rome were the creative and plastic forces throughout their entire literary history. Oriental genius owes its choicest treasures to the divine inspiration. Outside their sacred writings the literature of the East is almost insignificant. The induction may be carried to any extent and the result will be substantially the same. The legitimate conclusion is, not that literature is necessarily religious, but that a religious soil is the

most favorable condition of its growth. English literature rich and varied as are its products furnishes a striking illustration of this truth. Since Wicliffe translated the Bible into the vernacular, religion has been the moulding power of Saxon genius. Spenser immortalized his name in a religious allegory. Milton attained his masterpiece in a sacred epic. Shakespeare's deepest philosophy, his finest characters and his greatest tragedies stand out from a back ground clearly, distinctly religious. Tennyson has embalmed the spirit of his time, its doubts, its sorrowful struggles, and its underlying earnestness in that most religious of all lyrics, *In Memoriam*. Wordsworth the father and exponent of poetry in its highest expression wrote from the direct inspiration of those

" High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised,
Which be they what they may
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet the master light of all our seeing."

There is a school of modern poetry represented by Swinburne and Rossetti which is seeking to introduce into English literature the sensuous spirit of the later Greeks. That there is a vein of Epicureanism in the Anglo-Saxon constitution is undeniable. We inherit from our Northern ancestors not only their hardy endurance and powers of self-denial but a vigorous physique and a strong love of pleasure. Without doubt the Greek voluptuousness is the spirit of all paganism refined from its grosser elements. But the Hellenic literature and philosophy had a fair chance to work out its most favorable results in the ancient civilization. The consequences were, to say the least, disastrous. Men cannot live and thrive on dreams of the beautiful and sensual enjoyment. At the opening of our era, under the Greek influence not only had the moral fabric of society fallen into ruins but the springs of literature were fast drying up or turning into bitterness. What are the satires of Juvenal but the scorn of a noble nature venting itself upon a hopelessly

corrupted age? Christianity while it reanimated the moral ruin, replenished and sweetened the fountains of intellectual activity also. The Sermon on the Mount opened a new chapter in the entire life of humanity. The spiritual intuitions of men had grown so weak, that faith had well nigh succumbed to sense, and all life was in danger of falling into the abyss of atheism or the slough of sensuality. Human existence had no inner significance; it was wholly objective, secular, mercenary. No moral sense awaked in men the sense of duty. The new gospel roused the sleeping conscience and constrained the world to listen to its voice: it cleared the spiritual vision and opened a sphere of motive and aspiration beyond the horizon of time and sense; it gave new and grander conceptions of duty; it glorified self-sacrifice and in order to call out all the latent spiritual enthusiasm of men embodied its ideal of human goodness in the person of its divine head and exemplar. Under the new impulse given by Christianity a literature sprang into existence as marked in its individuality as the life that originated from the same source. Rich and varied as are its fruits Christian principles have been the creative and fructifying influences in its development. What a vast expurgation of our literary treasures would the reinstatement of the Hellenic spirit demand. What would we do with our Shakespeare and Wordsworth? Our Christian consciousness must needs be revolutionized; our high conceptions of duty, our aspirations after self sacrifice, our idea of moral purity must be sacrificed to the new idol. But expurgate our literature on this principle and what would remain? Not its bone and sinew; not its best and highest thought. It is obvious to a philosophical observer that the separation of literature and religion would be suicidal. Their spheres interlock, the spirit of the one is the inspiration of the other; without the steady light of the one the other would be like the flickering flame which soon goes out in darkness.

The attempt therefore to superinduce Greek sensualism on Christian spiritualism is both revolutionary and destructive. They are radically opposed both in principle and purpose, and it requires no deep insight to foretell, that the triumph of the self-indulgent spirit of Greek philosophy and literature would be now, as it was in an earlier age, the death of the heroic both in letters and life.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S GHOST.

REV. S. MILLER HAGEMAN.

"What custom wills in all things should she do it
The dust on antique Time would lie unswept
And mountainous error be too highly heaped
For Truth to overpeer."

—*Shakespeare, Cor., Act. III.*

I saw a Spectre in my sleep
Across my chamber stalk and sweep
Till all my blood began to creep.

My eyes were closed in sleeping prayer,
My doors were drawn with bolted care,
But still I saw it standing there.

His eye was sharpened to a thorn,
His beard was white and overworn,
And at his side a ponderous horn.

I heard his bony fingers creak,
I felt them laid upon my cheek,
And thus the shrivelled Voice did speak.

Ha—Ha—What means this sleep of thine?
Is not thy soul a spark divine?
Awake, and say, "The night is mine."

Breathe's there no God in thee astir
To sit as sleep's astrologer,
And thou an old Philosopher ?

What mean these instruments of skill,
Scalpel and blowpipe, scroll and quill,
To mock on thee when thou art still ?

Dost thou not think it something hard
That God hath left thee off thy guard,
As are the dead within the yard ?

Whence comes thy Soul ? From mother ? God ?
Or was it sired out of the sod ?
Or wilt thou to the monkey nod ?

Thy cheeks look something like the rocks,
Thy face a little like a fox,
Who says this is not orthodox ?

Will thy Soul be when its cold brain
Knows not its sprout of seed or grain ?
When man dies does he live again ?

Nay, tell me what is death at most,
That wreck upon a billowy coast,
But being giving up its ghost ?

That gleam called God, sooner or late
Is it inferred or all innate
Or art thou left to speculate ?

Tis true that two and two make four,
But how can One whom I adore,
Be only One, and be Two more ?

And if three Infinites in One,
Tripartite ; Father—Spirit—Son—
Is not Infinity outdone ?

And if thy thought be found so small,
Of one who wraps this boundless ball,
God is the greatest ghost of all.

I know 'tis idle to discuss,
Why Sin hath entered into us,
But how its sire ubiquitous ?

And who is he that clearly saw,
Eternally each link and flaw,
And works, the law within the law ?

How did thy mind begin to think,
Or wer't thy knowledge at its brink
When thou went down there first to drink?

Think. What is Thought? Go try its feat,
Is it where brain and being meet,
Æolian of Æolian heat?

I know God's breath is in his book,
Why smother it with clasp and hook?
Let it blow open to the look.

What marvel should it be of thine
If time re-change it line by line,
Is there no gold within the mine?

Purse up thy pride and mouth and pout,
But know that to thy farthest doubt,
The stream of truth will ne'er run out.

Fool that thou art, why dost thou sit
To Science with thy eyebrows knit?
Thou had'st no Bible save for it.

Who printed first its parchment-page,
Translated it to every age,
And dowered its ample apanage?

True Science is what she hath been,
The prophecy of all within.
The stern expositor of sin,

I know thy dream, and all that thou
Art thinking on me even now,
The while my breath is on thy brow,

What wonder thou dost think me elf,
Or robber bent on midnight pelf,
Seeing thou dost not know thyself?

Wilt thou make answer unto me,
Or say because thou can'st not see,
"Dare not to deal in mystery."

I saw the spectre stalk away,
I heard his gibbering where I lay,
But what he said I cannot say.

But still with both his glaring eyes
He watched me dreaming in disguise
As lion couchant for surprise.

And thus I talked unto myself,
By all the books upon my shelf,
What shall I say unto the elf?

I know—but cannot comprehend,
I know—but thought is on the trend,
Beginning is already end.

I know—but what I knew before
Is gone from me forevermore,
A reflux wave upon the shore.

I know that what is quick in me,
Is born of what hath ceased to be,
And man is made of Mystery.

I know no more—I know no less,
Than what the actual can confess,
All else to me is Nothingness.

I know that all that I can find,
Within, without, before, behind,
Is but Perception of the mind.

I lie with arms around my stole,
And dream that I have clasped the whole,
O God,—who ever clasped his soul?

I know that Intuition's eye,
Is fed by processes that ply
Its Crucible of chemistry.

And if like foreign sail at sea,
The shapes of mind are mystery
I am a greater ghost than he.

For he is but a phantom shape,
With no pretensions but an ape,
Whose errandry is but to trape.

But I though born above, below
Drift ever windward, far and fro;
And knowing, know not how I know.

By all the books upon my shelf,
What if that wriggling, gibbering elf,
Be a projection of myself.

I saw the spectre smile and grin,
I heard him shake his skeleton,
And leave the spot where he had been.

This time he came with outstretched arm,
As if he meant to do me harm,
I could not stir, so strong his charm.

Though it be true, quoth he, at most
That I am but a creature lost,
Shadowy with night, and chill with frost.

Thou art by far the greater ghost
For thou of Knowledge makest boast,
But dost not know thyself at most.

Thou know'st as fishers by the sea,
But wherefore—what—and whence—are we,
Are fathoms too far out for thee.

Nay more, thou dost not know thy frame,
From all its facts of common fame,
Of whence its mystic motion came.

To feel thy hand where'er thou art,
So close a creature to thy heart,
Yet orphan-child that begs apart.

To feel the vision of thy eye,
Upon the vast Periphery ply
Its gush of spontaneity.

To weep, and then to leer and laugh,
To vow, and then to sip and quaff,
And write life down an epitaph.

What is thy frame that God hath made?
A sexton leaning on his spade,
The shadow of a deeper shade.

Graves are not all within the ground,
The saddest one that can be found,
The tomb in which life gropes around.

Nor sprite nor shape thou e'er didst see
Was half so much a wraith as thee,
Nor half so much reality.

Go lay thy thought upon thy brow,
And swear thyself an idiot now,
An idiot that knows not—how.

Unknowing like an idiot, keep
Thy dream with those that laugh and weep
Within the padded cell of sleep.

A hermit living since his birth
In the cave-centre of the earth
Could not of knowledge be so dearth.

For he who with the greatest call
To knowledge finds its sphere so small
Must be the greatest ghost of all.

And none so weirdly, wildly strange,
As one who to the touch of change,
Sees knowledge burgeon all its range.

And thus to know or not to know,
Since both are parts of one wild woe,
Both wear the goblin here below.

Thou hast no place—thou hast no mark,
That comes out of the boundless dark,
Like Ararat to rest thy ark.

Thou know'st not even where thou art,
A hermit, like thy hand apart
Thou livest more beyond thy heart.

And then to hear thee stamp and swear,
That thou art sitting in thy chair,
When thou might be : well—anywhere.

Seeing thy ignorance so immense,
Far better swear against the Sense
Than lose thy faith in providence.

Hist ! hist ! I am but wizard elf,
Though lost, lost but in wood and delf,
But thou art lost unto thyself.

Lost in the light that fires thy eye,
Lest to the thought. (O God on high,)
That thou art lost, yet none so nigh.

Lost to the love thou once did'st bear,
The knowledge of thy childhood fair,
The prayer of her with crownéd hair.

And like a ship unpiloted,
That drifts at sea with all its dead,
While streams the headlight at the head.

So shines thy sun aflame thy sense,
While in its light unguided thence
Helmless thou shalt be drifted hence.

Found of the strand that barque may be,
Found of the sun the seed may see,
But found not thou fore'er by thee.

I saw the Spectre turn once more,
I heard his drag upon the floor,
And thus I reasoned as before.

If what yon wizard says be true,
How does it hap I ever knew,
You were not I, I were not you.

And yet reality doth seem
The mazes of a moving dream,
The glimmer of a fire fly gleam.

For if there be no other fact,
Than knowledge of my single act,
All else must wear a ghostly tact.

The car that flies along its range,
The wheels that whirr in dizzy change,
Seem strange because I seem so strange.

Like close-watched idiots let loose,
Unknowing servitors of use,
That cannot see or stop or choose.

I know that nothing is found out
That was not born at first of doubt :
Hypothesis turns all about.

And yet what recks hypothesis,
Fire is the best analysis,
Its product ashes—and a hiss.

And thus the day is as the night,
And in the livery of light
"We walk by faith, but not by sight."

O thou who sittest clear and calm,
Above the storm that raves the palm,
In Consciousness the great "I Am."

Tranquility that broods intense,
Hidden within that felt sense,
That wraps thy vast Omnipotence.

Thou who with healing touch, and mild,
Hast laid thy heart along the wild,
As stretched the prophet to the child.

Before whose face the sun must pray,
Like a blind beggar by the way,
Till thou dost touch his eyes with clay.

Speak, O thou "still small voice" within,
The Holy Ghost spoke low, and thin,
"Thine is the the ghostliness of sin."

An arrow that hath missed its mark—
A shadow trembling to the dark—
A Nothingness lit by a spark—

And men shall look thee in the face,
And say, "He lives in such a place."
Nor mark the change thou can'st not trace.

Fie! Fie! the ghost did then reply,
With grinding teeth and lecherous eye,
A sinner calling upon high.

Is thy Inspirer leagues away,
That thou' dost stretch thy speech and pray,
See! On the wall the brindled gray.

But since you seem a set old man,
As when the midnight hour began,
I'll ply you with another plan.

I'll rid you of your stubborn boast,
I'll make you wake up well at most,
And waking say, "I am a ghost."

Could there be likelier time than morn,
To wake and find the dead all born,
Then blew the ghost upon his horn.

And from the floor and wall and gloom,
Unnumbered Phantoms stalked the room,
Like spirits rising from the tomb.

Ghosts of all sizes, stuff and shape,
From monster grim to crawling ape,
Across my dream did tweak and trape.

There were the sins of shadowy years,
The flitting form of hopes and fears,
And some wore smiles and some wore tears.

The friends of long departed days,
With thirsty eyes and throbbing gaze,
And one would warning finger raise.

The dreams that died within my eyes
Like clouds, that vanish on the skies
O'er their own seas that saw them rise.

I saw my life since it began,
I saw the memories it outran,
Within the million-headed man.

I woke—my hand was on my cheek,
I was the Ghost—I could not speak,
I crept into the sun's great streak.

The angel on the village spire
With frosted hand and glistening lyre,
Was pointing to the wind's desire.

The sun dropped down behind the Night,
I said. "By faith but not by sight,"
"But in thy light we shall see light."

And God is light, and God is good,
Benignant are the eyes that brood,
Upon my populous solitude.

I heard the great Wind rise and blow,
I said "the world is very slow,
Whither thou goest I will go."

THE POETRY OF SWINBURNE.

M. Taine has a theory that an author is governed almost entirely by his period—that his life, genius, and expression are formed by the circumstances which surround him. To a certain extent this is true. The influence of the times, education and race have a great effect upon any writer. And yet, on the other hand, genius is largely independent of place and time. It will override the obstacles which may be in its path, and, if necessary, create its own modes of expression. The Classical School fettered English poetry for nearly three quarters of a century, and yet the genius of Thomson, Gray, and Keats was almost unaffected by it. These two principles

are necessary to the proper understanding of any work of art. To ignore either is a fatal mistake. No poet exhibits both of these truths more clearly than does Algernon Charles Swinburne. In one sense he is almost entirely independent of his period; in fact he rebels against its most marked poetic tendencies. In another sense his genius is largely the product of his predecessors. The influence of Landor who was an early friend of Mr. Swinburne's, is very marked. The art-school, taking its model from "the delicate classicism of Landor and Keats," has blended with the didactic school which originated with Wordsworth, to form the idyllic method of the recent time. The first of these influences we see in Mr. Swinburne, the latter not at all. This tendency has been strengthened by his splendid classical training and long residence at Eton and Oxford; and to his independence of Wordsworth's influence is owing his opposition to the idyllic method.

Biographical criticism is far more valuable than "editorial criticism," which is merely analytical. It is a great advantage to study a poet's work in the light of his life. But this is a hard and almost impossible task during the life of the poet. We must therefore adopt the "editorial" style, and in doing so use Mr. Swinburne's own standard. "The hardest work and the highest that can be done by a critic, studious for the right, is first to discern what is good, and then to discover how and in what way it is so. We demand of the student who stands up as a judge to show us as best he may, how and why this man excels that, what are the stronger, and what the weaker sides of his attempted or achieved work when set fairly by the work of others. For if in some one point at least, it does not exceed theirs, it is not work of a high kind and worthy of enduring study."

To follow this rule let us first see what is good in Mr. Swinburne's work. On reading one of his poems, almost the first characteristic that one notices, is the wonderful

music of the verse. In this respect it may be said that Mr. Swinburne has no equal in English literature. He seems to be perfectly at ease in every metre, and rhyme to him is as free as air. "That Shelley had a like power is, I think, shown in passages like the choruses of 'Prometheus Unbound,' but he flourished half a century ago, and did not have (as Swinburne has) Shelley for a predecessor."

Mr. Swinburne has shown that our homely Saxon can be almost as soft and sweet as Italian. He has given it a rugged vigor that seems German; and he has caught the lightness and sparkle from the French as no one before him had ever done. To use Mr. Stedman's illustration, he has added a dozen new stops and pedals to the instrument. He has brought out, in short, the hidden resources of the English language to an astonishing degree. It almost seems that the art of expression has here reached its limit. Take, for example, a verse from one of the "divine choruses" in *Atalanta*.

When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain,
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
And the brown bright nightingale amorous,
Is half assuaged for Itylus,
The Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil and all the pain.

Or this:

For Winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten;
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten;
And in the green underwood and cover,
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins.

Can anything exceed the harmony and felicitous expression of these lines? Such a line as "With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain," makes us almost hear the gentle Spring shower it

describes. Indeed Mr. Swinburne carries this rather too far, and the excess of sweetness and richness is almost cloying. The alliteration, the ever varying metre, the music of the words, have an effect that verges on intoxication. Often the reader is so carried away by the sound that he loses the sense. This art of harmonious expression is "the one point at least in which he exceeds all others." Mr. Swinburne is never as limpid as Chaucer, never so grand as Shakespeare (we speak only of expression), never as sublime as Milton, never as natural as Burns, never as tender as Keats, never so powerful in rapidity and vivacity of movement as Byron, never showing the intense fire and energy of Shelley; but beyond and above them all he is the "autocrat of verse," the absolute master of metre and expression. No man has ever produced such variety, and richness, and sweetness out of the English language as he has done. His genius in that respect transcends all his rivals. He has naturalized metres and modes of expression that were previously thought to be foreign to the genius of the English tongue. But it needed only his touch to effect such a wonderful transformation. He has pushed this art to extremes, beyond which it is dangerous, even if possible, to go.

Another excellence of Mr. Swinburne is his dramatic power.

George H. Lewes enumerates three principles which are indispensable to success in literature: (1) the principle of Vision, (2) of Sincerity, (3) of Beauty. The last of these our poet shows in a very marked degree; the first in smaller measure. By 'vision' is meant a clear and living insight into characters and relations. Mr. Swinburne's dramas show this to a certain extent. Some of his scenes, such as Mary Beaton's prayer for Chastelard's life, in "Chastelard," or the murder of Rizzio, and the scene before and after the murder of Darnley in "Bothwell," are like those of the older dramatists. Psychological insight he has undoubtedly. "The gyrations are so unexpected, and the changes so numerous, that in less masterly

hands the effects would be rather that of a psychological puzzle than of a dramatic evolution." The characters are all living. "The Queen Mother," Mr. Swinburne's first publication, has a thoroughly Elizabethan spirit, and the grand figure of Catharine de Medici is drawn with almost a Shakespearean touch. This holds true of many of the characters in "Chastelard," and "Bothwell." And in the latter, perhaps the longest five-act drama ever written, he shows himself capable of sustaining a very prolonged action with unflagging interest and power. And yet with all these elements of dramatic genius, Mr. Swinburne falls far short of the Elizabethan dramatists. His plays are like bas-reliefs cut in marble, accurate, and sharply defined as far as they go, but superficial. And then his choice of subjects is not happy. Neither "Chastelard" nor "Bothwell" contain the materials of a true tragedy. They are both of them the story of passion, intrigue and murder, with nothing in them to chasten or elevate the mind. The poet having chosen these themes has constructed his tragedies with much real dramatic power, the fault lay in choosing them. The plays are studies of character, and the personages are strong and clearly defined, and drawn often true to nature. But that is all. In spite of what Lord Houghton says about Mr. Swinburne's "skilful hands," the story often *does* become a mere psychological puzzle, and is not told with any design of instructing the reader. If it has such a design, it were far better to leave unlearned such terrible lessons. There is often a real power of situation and description, very seldom one of vivid portrayal and keen true insight, such as we see in the tragedies of Massinger and Ford.

In "Atalanta" and "Erechtheus," Mr. Swinburne has shown that he enters thoroughly into the spirit of Grecian Literature. They are not imitations, but works of art. Imitations can not be truly works of art, for style and manner of thought are not costumes that can be thrown on and off at will, but form the living body of the poetic soul. Mr. Swin-

burne recognizes this fully. He has read his Greek tragedies to discover their underlying principles. When he has found these he builds upon them, but filled with the Greek spirit, and working according to Greek rules of art, he has produced, not imitations, but originals of a high order. These dramas are not only Greek in their externals, such as the unity of time, place and action, but also manifest the old Hellenic spirit. The wealth of imagery, it has been alleged, seriously damages the classical integrity of the poems. But Mr. Swinburne has preserved so much of the Greek modes of thought that this change is not incongruous, and not inconsistent with the plan of the poems.

These two tragedies exhibit Mr. Swinburne's excellences in the highest degree. Perhaps not such great works as "Bothwell," but certainly more pleasing. There is none of the brutality, lust and murder, in which "Bothwell" abounds. They both contain materials of genuine tragedy, and both are written with power. They are "flooded with moonlight;" while in the harmony of rhythm, beauty of diction and expression, they far surpass all the other works of our poet. There is always a certain power in sincerity. When a conviction is hot from a man's heart, and is told honestly and earnestly, it will have a weight which insincerity cannot possibly have. But when in addition to sincerity there is the power of insight and expression, a poet becomes a tremendous influence for evil or for good. Mr. Swinburne is evidently sincere. He speaks straight to the heart, and a sincere belief always commands a hearing. He has certain beliefs which he enunciates and which he seems determined to stand by against all opposition. To enumerate these beliefs is to give a list of Mr. Swinburne's chief defects, and the causes of his failures.

The first and most obvious one is his belief in sensuality. Throughout his poems he represents this vice in the most alluring colours. It is never brutal and disgusting such as we see in "Don Juan;" nor does it ever exhibit that sneering

mockery in which Byron so delighted. Mr. Swinburne has far too much art for that. It is always disguised and called by gentle names, and rendered attractive by the exquisite music of that wonderful verse. It is siren singing, ever alluring the unwary to destruction. Sensual gratification is represented as the one great good of life—a good for which an eternity of torment is a fair exchange. Chastelard when in the very jaws of death, says

Now if God would,
Doubtless he might take pity on my soul
To give me three clear hours, and then red hell
Snare me for ever: this were merciful.

The sentiment of which this is an example appears over and over again. Especially is it shown in "*Les Noyades*," which is really too revolting to quote. To such an extent is this carried that lust is substituted for love. With exception of "*Atalanta*" there is not one single example of honourable love in the whole range of Mr. Swinburne's poetry. Chastelard loves Queen Mary because

She hath fair eyes: may be
I love her for sweet eyes, or brows, or hair,
For the smooth temples where God touching her
Made blue with sweeter veins the flower-sweet white,
Or for the tender turning of her wrist,
Or marriage of the eyelid with the cheek.

This and much more description of her eyes and hair, and mouth, and "flush of lifting throat," but never a word as to the sweetness of her disposition, or the qualities of her mind and heart. This becomes the more repulsive when we read on and find that Chastelard's love does not alter even when he knows that Mary is deliberately plotting his death. And why should it? Her hair is as soft, and her eyes as beautiful as ever, and that is all he loves her for.

Charles loves Denise, Henry loves Rosamond, and Bothwell loves Mary, all for the same reasons. "*Rosamond*" is largely taken up with a description of the heroine's golden

hair. Charles is enmeshed by Denise's hair, and when the poor girl shows some signs of having a heart, he grows angry with her. The belief that love is merely animal and not even intellectual is everywhere enforced with vigour, and clothed in the most beautiful words the language offers.

In the choice of his themes, Mr. Swinburne shows his belief in this revolting doctrine. "The Queen Mother," "Rosamond," "Chastelard," "Poems and Ballads" and "Bothwell," are each and all of them upon sensual subjects. Every play and poem is a story of adultery and crime. What Hazlitt said of Ford is true to a limited extent of Mr. Swinburne: "I do not find much other power in the author than that of playing with edged tools and knowing the use of poisoned weapons." Of course this is not the exact truth, but as far as it refers to the choice of subjects, it is strictly true. "Whatever passion is made the subject of tragic delineation must be dealt with primarily on its ideal side, in its moral aspects and workings, *not in its mere physical operations and results.* The genuine passion of love * * * may well afford the materials of a tragedy. But the tragedy lies in the mental anguish, in the terribly divided life, and the deepening internal conflict which death alone can terminate." 'Romeo and Juliet' shows the purity and ideal side of the passion. When Shakespeare depicted lust he made it repulsive. Mr. Swinburne makes, or attempts to make, it attractive.

As might be expected from what has been said, Mr. Swinburne's poems do not instruct and elevate. That which is addressed to the body alone cannot reach the soul. In these poems the treatment is of the physical and not of the ideal sides of human suffering and passion. All the heroines, except perhaps poor Denise, are equally well described in the lines:

" Ah beautiful passionate body
That had never ached with a heart."

Even love, the great transformer that purifies men's lives, here becomes a ravenous destroyer: "It bites and foams and stings,

blinds and maddens and satiates, stifles and strangles, crushes and chars, but it never raises or refines, redeems or saves." The very atmosphere of such poems is unhealthy. The air that we here breathe is the heavy, scented air of a ball-room, not the sweet, pure air of Heaven. We are intoxicated but not invigorated. There is no place in the poems for nature, everything is art.

The chief defect of "*Atalanta in Calydon*" is the fierce antitheism of its spirit. God is represented as the "supreme evil" whom it is useless to resist, but equally useless to serve. This is a defect from the artistic as well as from the moral standpoint. A Greek drama never would express such sentiments. But bad as this is it is covered up by beauty of expression. In the "*Poems and Ballads*" this becomes often blasphemy. True, the latter work was written first, but it was published later, and the author is fully responsible for their spirit. If Mr. Swinburne had confined himself to the speculative side of these questions, the offence would have been far less. But he throws himself furiously into the discussion, and instead of argument gives passionate denunciation reviling everything that Christians hold sacred. "Some of the poems are thoroughly fanatical in their wild and blasphemous intolerant atheism."

"The great difference then, that we find between the classical and the romantic style, between ancient and modern poetry, is that the one more frequently describes things as they are, interesting in themselves, the other for the sake of the association of ideas connected with them; that the one dwells more on the immediate impression of objects on the senses, the other on the ideas which they suggest to the imagination. The one is the poetry of form, the other of effect."

Mr. Swinburne has attempted both of these forms, and his genius seems most fitted to the classical style. "*Atalanta*" and "*Erechtheus*" are his most successful works. Though he has displayed more genius in his romantic poetry, its mora

defects have greatly injured it. Whatever may be the propriety of reviving the antique, Mr. Swinburne has succeeded in the attempt as no other English poet, except Shelley; and even the "Prometheus Unbound" is classical more in form than in feeling.

As before intimated, Mr. Swinburne's beliefs are his defects, and until he sees his error in this respect, he has done as good work as he can do. Burns sang of the rough scenes of Scottish life in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality. As Carlyle says, "Over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest." But the glory of an angel's soul could not transform vice into virtue or do away with moral distinctions. Even Byron knew that.

"Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds or consecrate a crime."

Upon this attempt Mr. Swinburne has wasted an unquestionably great genius; but until he recognizes the fact that man has moral nature, that the distinction between right and wrong is a fundamental one, and that the "lilies and languor of virtue" are better than the "raptures and roses of vice," he cannot produce an immortal work. Let us hope that the change for the better which "Erechtheus" seems to promise, will be speedy and completely effected. For the principles which Mr. Swinburne advocated in his previous poems, if carried out, would be fatal to art and even civilization.

RUGS AND REFORMERS, FURNITURE AND FOOLS.

Among the so-called Reforms that have distinguished the last decade, no great popular movement has attracted more attention, caused more discussion or led to more substantial

results than that known by its friends as the Reform in Household Art, by its enemies as "that Eastlake mania."

The influences that have led us to substitute oak and chintz for mahogany and hair cloth in furnishing our homes, to hang upon our walls water colors and heliotypes in place of formal engravings and time stained "old masters," of doubtful origin, to decorate home with all those innumerable minor products of art and good taste that go toward making it what it should be, the dearest place on earth, can be traced to many sources. To explore these thoroughly, to give to each branch of Household Art the attention it deserves, would be a work that demands a more thorough knowledge of the subject than the average student of the arts might be reasonably expected to possess. Distinguished specialists have said and written so much upon this subject, have explored so thoroughly its remotest possibilities, that to attempt to add new facts to those which they have furnished us would be simple presumption. But if as simple students we may not instruct, as cultured men we may be allowed to criticize. No branch of art has hitherto remained so completely ignored by that species of criticism that seeks faults only that they may be corrected, and none had a greater need of such criticism.

There is an old adage that "there are two sides to every question." Surely there should be to this one. But thus far the public have seen but *one* side, and that the side of extravagant praise, and unqualified assent to all the vagaries of Cook, Holly, *et hoc omne genus*. This being so, we might reasonably suppose, did not common sense teach us to know better, that these gentlemen were infallible in all that relates to Household Art, and that their enthusiasm was entirely disinterested. In this case, as in others, the "*vox populi*" may be the "*vox dei*," but if we wish to get at the truth it is safer to examine facts than to put any trust in the utterances of the people.

While we would not question the motives of those who have shown so much ability and enterprise in pushing forward

the long needed reforms, still there are some facts in connection with their modes of procedure that, to say the least, call for comment.

The first fact we wish to notice is that all these enthusiastic reformers, these disciples of Art and Good-taste, are either themselves architects, or in some way directly or indirectly connected with those great manufacturing companies; who with remarkable shrewdness become manufacturers of Moyen Age, Queen Anne, or Modern French furniture as the popular taste demands; who foresee the fashions in wall paper and decorations with the prophetic accuracy of a Weather Bureau, and whose only object seems to be in "educating the people to an appreciation of artistic excellence"—and then in condescending to pocket the money of those who have been educated up to the point of being willing to buy costly furniture, and pay for costly decoration. In the early part of this century it was a common saying that "every bookseller owned a poet." Now with equal veracity we might say that every manufacturer owns an Art Reformer. And it is to these gentlemen that the long-suffering Public, kindly shutting its eyes to the fact that behind the artist stands the manufacturer, looks for instruction and guidance. So, like the Piper of Hamelin, each artist merrily pipes away, and leads his train of half-unwilling admirers to the manufacturer's, where having been talked into believing that by simply possessing objects of art, they will become people of culture, they pay their money and take their choice.

The bond that unites these gentlemen to their employers becomes apparent when we notice several things. First, they never recommend for use any article of furniture that combines the qualities of beauty, durability, and *cheapness*. They speak in the highest terms of praise of the charming Turkish rugs that may be purchased at Mr. C.'s, of the well executed and serviceable furniture that the workmen of Messrs. K. and C. have made after the most approved patterns. But when we

visit the establishment mentioned we find that the Turkish rugs could scarcely be more costly if sprinkled with precious stones, that the well executed furniture costs rather more than the average rent of a brown stone front, and suspicions naturally arise in our minds that the articles we have read were meant only for persons whose incomes can be written with six figures, and who are as extravagant as the rich American is proverbially said to be.

Now when Benedick the married man and Mrs. Benedick begin to entertain thoughts of housekeeping nothing seems more desirable to them than that they should set up their Lares and Penates in pleasant places. Each has dreams of a cheerful home, adorned with subdued elegance, and modest good taste. Hence numberless discussions by the boarding house fireside and numberless letters to unhappy architects.

Finally Benedick happens to see a series of articles in a monthly magazine with charming illustrations which seem to embody all that he desires. Book in hand, he approaches a competent architect, and inquires the supposed cost of a certain room, pointing to an illustration. After due deliberation the artist gives it as his opinion that the furniture and decorations of that particular room would cost "from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars."

"Twelve thousand dollars," cries Benedick, aghast. "Why that is more than my annual income!"

And then he goes back sulkily to his bleak and prosy boarding house and expresses his opinion of "frauds" in terms more forcible than elegant. Thereafter any remarks made to that young couple on the subject of Household Art are received with contemptuous shrugs that speak volumes.

Another peculiarity of the "Reformers" is the admirable system of Mutual Admiration, through which they have exalted themselves and kept alive the popular enthusiasm.

The day of blind, bigoted, criticism has gone by. True the British Reviews, self satisfied as of yore, still growl and grum-

ble, clinging obstinately to worn-out theories in Literature, Politics and Art with all the tenacity of that class of bull-dog Britons whose sentiments they express. The world of art still bows the knee to Ruskin and accepts his ill favored cynicisms as a much abused cur still whines his thanks for the crust of bread his master throws him. But modern criticism when removed from the influence of these two "clogs upon advance," has grown broader and more intelligent, more disposed to praise, less inclined to blame.

Of this fact none are more fully aware than the host of incipient Eastlakes. With characteristic shrewdness they take advantage of the leniency of the public, and cover every point where they might be attacked with redoubts of praise.

Let us take an example. Mr. A., let us say, has read a well written article upon decoration. He has ideas and theories of his own and does not believe in some of those of the writer. He turns to a newspaper critique upon the article to see if his suspicions are verified. The critique happened to be by a brother Reformer and simply praises and assents *ad nauseam*. He turns to a recently published work upon the same subject—more praise. And so on all sides he meets with praise, until, if he is a sensible man, he begins to see how such things are managed.

Then if he ventures to make any objections, to offer any criticisms he is instantly frowned upon by all the "cultured people" who fill their parlors with old china and their brains with trash, and cant about Medieval Art and Pre-Raphaelism, is dubbed a Philistine and loses all pretensions to artistic taste.

Could Household Art Reform be removed far from the influence of men whose conduct tends to degrade it, could it be so popularized that its influence would be felt not among the palaces of the rich but the homes of the people, the benefits it would bestow upon the nation could hardly be estimated. Our cultivation would be increased, our growth in Art developed and new industries spring up. But at present,

situated as we are, without another pure disinterested East-lake to guide our steps, we can scarcely believe that we will soon arrive at "a consummation so devoutly to be wished."

C. S. C. '77.

[The facts mentioned in the above were obtained from a prominent employee of a leading manufacturing house in New York. Although the author does not vouch for their entire authenticity, still he must confess that the purity of the source whence they were obtained renders their truthfulness exceedingly probable.—C. S. C.]

GREENWOOD.

By the city of the living
With its ceaseless toil and tread ;
So fair and so forgiving
Stands the City of the Dead.
Like twins in a rocking cradle,
They lie in the darkness deep,
And one is awake with a fever,
And the other is asleep.

They sought thy quiet slumber
With a weird and winged haste ;
As a wrecking ship in the tempest
An isle in the billowy waste.
They fled to thy sable forests
As dust is blown by the breeze ;
When the little children frightened
Run out of the rain under trees.

Afar, from the hut and the palace,
Afar, from early till late ;
They come, rich and poor together
To ask alms at thy beautiful gate.
And never had life a guerdon,
So welcome to all to give ;
In the land where the living are dying,
As the land where the dead may live.

VOICE OF THE ALUMNI.

ORATORY IN PRINCETON.

There has been much speculation as to the reason of Princeton's continued failure at the Inter-collegiate contest in Oratory. I do not pretend to have discovered the cause of it; but I think the committees pay too little attention to delivery. If oratory be what the great orators have made it, an engine to move the masses, delivery is half the engine's power. A poor speech, well delivered, will move more men than a fine one badly spoken. Princeton committees ruin many a promising speaker. They demand a servile imitation of a very vicious style of pulpit delivery. If you imitate Joseph Duryea, "Princeton's most eloquent son," throwing fire into your eyes, power into your voice, a sweeping rapidity into your utterance that carries everything before it, a nervous energy into your gestures,—you will get no prizes in Princeton. "He let his voice tremble too much; it was not smooth; he spoke too fast (though I heard every word he said); his gestures were made too hastily, they were not smooth;"—those are the criticisms you will win instead of medals.

But I do not mean to write an essay on delivery. I wish to speak of oratorical style as it is cultivated in Princeton and as it ought to be. I hold that the prevailing style of oratorical writing in Princeton lacks dignity and weight. The majority of the sentences are either short and jerky, or long, involved and leading to no climax. Assertions like these are to be supported only by examples; so you will pardon my calling your

attention to one or two extracts from Princeton speeches and one or two others from the masters of oratory. Here are some jerky sentences from a speech which created some interest in Princeton at the time of its delivery :—

"Consider well the words. The Tree of knowledge has its leaves and twigs, and branches and trunk. This branch is Geology, and that Ethics; this Political Economy, and that Esthetics: this great limb is matter, and that mind; God, the life-giver, is at the root sustaining and nourishing. But what is the trunk? Ah! it is very dark there, and all the streams of light cast upon it cannot dispel the brooding darkness. Yes, there is the great unity, though to man's eye it lies, as yet, unrevealed. This is the Sphinx-puzzle that the ages have been yearning to solve. Will not God allow us to solve it? Time alone can answer."

In the above paragraph there is but one approach to a smooth sentence—"Ah, it is very dark," etc. Yet the subject matter does not need a nervous energy in its treatment. If it did, the nervousness should be more in delivery than in writing. Perhaps the finest specimen of nervous energy in all oratory, of that nervousness which excuses rough, jerky sentences, is the opening of Cicero's first speech against Catiline. How different from the above is this:—"Quousque tandem abutere, Catalina, patientia nostra? Quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? Quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? Nihilne te nocturnum praesidium Palatii, nihil urbis vigiliae, nihil timor populi, nihil concursus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? Patere tua consilia non sentis? * * * O tempora! O mores! Senatus haec intelligit, consul videt; hic tamen vivit."

I give the original language because we are considering style. Remembering the fact that Latin is a rough tongue, you will notice that the above sentences, viewed simply as to their flow of words are smooth almost to effeminacy. The English

sentences previously cited are rough and dissonant, though written in a language to which nearly every other has contributed beauties. Look also at these, the closing words of a Maclean prize oration:—

"Washington and Thiers,—alike yet how dissimilar. Washington, the Saviour of America; Thiers, the Redeemer of France. Washington, the Father and Protector of his Country; Thiers, the widow's son, cheering and supporting her age. Washington, a guiding star whose reflected brilliancy shone o'er the troubled waters; Thiers, but the rainbow in the storm, giving promise of better days. Washington the star, firm fixed, unwavering; Thiers the bow, brilliant and fleeting, but whose image shall be longed for at every storm."

Also look at these, from another Maclean prize speech:—

"A nation saved, the saviour forgotten; a land redeemed, the redeemer ignored; a nation disenthralled, the disenthraller unknown and unloved. Simply because his works were his only recommendation; not moving in regal splendor, nor adorned with a princely name."

Both of these writers have fallen into the ridiculous absurdity of making a contrast between the words "Saviour" and "Redeemer;" and the second gentleman has added also an astonishing Latin, French and Anglo-Saxon hybrid that would send Richard Grant White into a fit and make Chaucer turn in his grave. That, however, is an error of diction which I merely notice in passing. They have both aimed at rhetorical effect. The former has lost it by making his clauses too short and jerky; the latter, by the same fault and by putting his strongest expression first. The second gentleman's second sentence, "simply because" &c., is sheer nonsense as far as style goes. As it stands, he says the works were "not adorned with the splendor of a princely name." They could not well be, unless he had been, like Warwick, a King-maker. Both have attempted to reach the desired effect by use of the balanced sentence. It is right that they should. No higher oratorical effect exists, when

properly treated. Here are two balanced sentences from Blair, neither of them long, but both incomparably smooth. "Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's is the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart."

I do not quote any sentences of climax from Princeton speeches; for, in the dozen or more which I have at my command, I can find no one good sentence of that class. I have quoted a sentence wherein the writer failed by putting his thoughts in a descending scale.

In making these extracts I have not selected the worst I could find. The two passages from Maclean prize orations are rather the best in them; for they contain more nervous energy than other parts of the same speeches. Perhaps one reason of this weak style is a choice of weak subjects. The writers seem to forget that the grandest orations have been on practical subjects of the day. Eulogies are good in their place; dissertations, still better; discussions of scientific subjects, not quite so good; literary criticisms worse than useless. Yet many Princeton orators select the latter class of subjects. They are only suitable for essays. There are times, of rare occurrence, when literary degeneracy of some kind may receive a powerful check from a masterly oration. Such times are few and far between, and a Princeton student is hardly the needed man.

Another cause of weak style is the fact that our speakers generally speak for medals and applause and nothing further. They speak *before* their audience, not *to* it. In aiming to evoke admiration they fail to produce action; in seeking to astonish the reason they fail to influence the will. Men who speak merely to win applause are not, as a general thing, full of deep convictions in regard to their subjects. Destitute of these themselves, they fail to produce them in their audience. Lowell has said, "Without earnest convictions, no great or sound literature is conceivable." How then can an orator

who does not care to convince his audience expect to produce a "great or sound" oration? It is in that earnest desire to move men, the argumentative appeal to the reason, coupled with the passionate appeal to the feelings, that you will find the secret of deep toned, harmonious sentences, of utterances born "for all time."

We have, then, briefly and imperfectly considered two faults: sentences which are rough and halting, and sentences which are without correct climax. We have also seen two remedies: the choice of more practical subjects and an earnest wish to move the audience. These are not all, nor half the faults and remedies that can be found. The writer's hope is simply that his notice of them will set Princeton orators thinking upon the subject of oratory. If they will do so earnestly and anxiously, they will find many reasons why Princeton oratory does not excel. Let the past be what it always should be,—a lesson for the present, a promise for the future. Let Princeton speakers aim at showing the vast audiences which listen to their words, that Princeton is without deep convictions. Let them strive to make those convictions correct ones; and then let them boldly try to convert their hearers to their own opinions. Think not that style is the least important part of oratory. There is a double meaning, doubly deep, in that line of Juvenal's:—

"Rara in tenui facundia panno."

Rare is eloquence in mean attire! Rare, indeed! Let not the earnest thoughts be lacking and the earnest words will come. It was a poet of visions, not an orator of realities, that said—

"I would that my tongue could utter,
The thoughts that arise in me."

Again I repeat it; be thoroughly convinced yourself, then strive mightily to convince your hearers. So shall you banish a feeble and nerveless manner. So shall you see springing up in its place a style at once broad and comprehensive, rapid as Niagara, smooth as the Mississippi, irresistible as the sea.

W. J. H.

VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

MATERIAL IMPROVEMENT.

Apropos the new features about to be introduced into the policy of our college we would note the continuance of the ardor for material improvement. Prof. Lindsey's artistic taste is beginning to tell in his energetic efforts to improve and beautify the College grounds. The old iron fence that in times past interposed between the "outs" and the "ins" along Nassau Street has been doomed to yield to more modern device. The Campus back of Witherspoon Hall bids fair to become a marvel of convenience and beauty; with two roads through the grounds in process of construction and other modifications of the Campus projected, one may reasonably expect to find the tangled chaos of our college walks reduced in due time to something like cosmical order. Lately a fresh plot against the established order of things has come to our ears. "Questions awakened by the Bible" is not the only new thing under the sun. Those old buildings in the vicinity of the Scientific School are to be forced from their primeval foundations and set adrift in the wide wide world to make room for a new innovation in the shape of an addition to the aforementioned edifice. Where is Mr. Changeless that his voice is not raised in loud protest against such sacrilegious tampering with time honored institutions?

Seriously, however, we are inwardly pleased with the enterprise we see around us, it looks as though our authorities were

determined to realize the idea of an American college. Whether the "brick and mortar" system is the best that could be devised or not, it seems to be a necessity of the present regime in our country. Its buildings are an essential feature of the English or American institution. Whether this is superior to the system prevalent in Germany where the University can scarcely be said to occupy a locality at all, is an open question. The English and American system labors under several obvious disadvantages. The erection of expensive buildings absorbs a vast amount of capital which otherwise might be devoted directly to the work of education. Again the multiplication of buildings increases the necessary outlay in maintaining them and consequently the expenses of the student. This is a consideration that is often overlooked. At least three fourths of those who seek a college education are men of moderate means on whose resources any increase of expenses would make rather a serious drain. The interests of this class should not be overlooked, and any policy, however seemingly wise, that tends to put the price of collegiate training beyond the reach of modern resources is both false and ruinous.

This evil could be avoided by devoting a portion of the money received for educational purposes to the establishment of a fund the proceeds of which should be applied to the liquidation of the necessary expenses of the institution.

On the other hand the present system possesses advantages which the advocates of change would do well to consider. It furnishes more commodious and healthy rooms and better facilities for the use of apparatus in experimental teaching than can be given by German Universities. Again daily association with fine architecture and tasteful grounds has an unconscious but powerful influence in developing a taste for the beautiful. Esthetic culture is an element of education that the present age in its rage for utility is apt to undervalue, and any influence tending to its promotion is not to be despised.

The advantage of community of place as well as of aim, in short of a definite social organism, is too obvious to need com-

ment, such a community is not only more convenient to Prof. and student, but it furnishes the most favorable condition of both mental and social development. The esprit it engenders, whatever may be said against it is a powerful means of good. The public opinion in a college community is simply omnipotent, and though as in all other societies this opinion sometimes lends its sanction to evil, the vast preponderance of its influence is on the side of good. Such conditions tend also to break the crust of selfishness which solitary habits form, reveal a man and strengthen and develop the social and unselfish instincts.

On the whole our American system with all its defects is, in this respect, eminently adapted to our peculiar wants and circumstances, and though it no doubt admits of modification and improvement, we do not see that any advantage could be derived from revolution.

"SEASON TICKETS FOR BALL GAMES."

An article with the above heading appeared in the last *Princetonian*, the writer of which was either in a state of deplorable ignorance regarding the whole subject, or what is more likely, in a condition of desperate impecuniosity. If such an article be, in any measure, an expression of the current opinion of the College it is quite time that a plain statement be made regarding this matter of admission fees.

It might be well to make it distinctly known, in the first place, in order to settle any doubts which "F." and other reformers may entertain, that the Treasury of the Base Ball Association is not in any immediate danger of being burdened by an overplus of wealth, and that the members of the Nine, with the exception of the gratuitous compliments ensuing each defeat, receive no remunerations for their services. The asso-

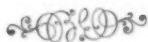
ciation is quite willing to receive any better plan than the present for "getting money to support the ball interests," and would no doubt unanimously appoint "F." treasurer, if he could put in practice his delightful scheme of witnessing twelve games at twenty-five cents admission, with a few extra ones for nothing.

The facts of the case are simply these. All nines must be guaranteed a certain sum before playing here. The charges for the game are always made in accordance with the sum guaranteed. For every Amateur game, \$15.00 must be paid to the Athletic Association for the use of the grounds. All Professional clubs, and the better class of Amateur, charge \$75. The ordinary Amateur nines require at least \$45.00. It is obvious from these figures that the scheme of season tickets as presented by "F." would be wholly inadequate. We are not writing against the plan, as a plan, for it might be arranged so as to succeed, *provided* the price of tickets was doubled, and *provided* the necessary "fifty men from each class" purchase tickets. We only desire to have it understood that the Base Ball Association, while deploring the fact that the necessary expenses for each game are so large, and that the support of the nine must necessarily fall on a certain few, is yet powerless to act otherwise. The price of admission is always placed as low as possible, and games that leave a surplus in the treasury are few and very far between. The fee is no higher than is usual in the cities for the same club, and a "fifty cent" game always means a more than "ordinary" match.

What we do wish to condemn, however, is the tone of criticism against the Nine and its management so generally prevalent. The Nine is continually exposed, not to friendly encouragement, but, to use the common expression, free and unqualified "cussing." One day, the ruling sentiment is, "The Nine needs practice, why don't they have more games?" Well when a game is announced, these loud-mouthed reformers stay at home, and "cuss" the Nine for charging fifty cents

for an "ordinary" game, perchance relieving their injured spirits by spending a dollar or two in billiards and beer. Last year the Nine went into the College matches with scarcely any antecedent practice. Shall they not receive the support of the College this year, when they are doing their best not to commit the same mistake again? Anyhow let the Nine receive spoken, as well as the pecuniary encouragement in the future.

"UNIVERSITY."



EDITORIAL.

DR. McCOSH, RECENTLY, in some remarks to the Senior Class expressed the hope that before another year had elapsed some provisions which would be made for post-graduate instruction, would be completed, which would enable a number of students to return each year to pursue special studies. He also expressed the hope that the system of Fellowships which was introduced by him for the purpose of promoting a higher scholarship, would be ere long more perfectly organized. These remarks show one thing very clearly, and that is that Dr. McCosh and the authorities of Princeton are putting forth an earnest effort to make the instruction given here, both in quality and extent, equal to that of any other American institution. In this work they have the hearty sympathy of every student who has the welfare of Alma Mater at heart. The great drawback of American colleges in the march of improvement, want of funds, has, thanks to our generous patrons, been removed, and nothing is required but a wise and liberal policy in the distribution of its resources to realize the fondest hopes of the College. From what has been done already, from the spirit of the men who have the resources at their disposal, and from the promises of our worthy President whose heart is fully interested in the work of elevating the status of American education, we are assured that the best measures will be adopted. It is not in any spirit of vain boasting we write this, nor for the purpose of comparing ourselves invidiously with others. The cause of education is a unit, and the institutions engaged in it are sister workers.

While our special interest centers in the Institution which has nurtured us, we desire to extend the hand of brotherhood to all the toilers in a common work.

As to the true and false theories of education, some remarks of the President chimed so harmoniously with our own preconceived views that we feel like embracing this opportunity to develop them in our own language. The policy that would split a college curriculum into a multitude of small departments for the purpose of enabling students from the start to pursue special courses, is founded on a wrong theory of education. A college, in the true sense of the word, is designed to give a well rounded development. It fails of its highest end when it fosters special tendencies to the detriment of the general culture. Men whose minds have not experienced the liberalizing effects of several years training in the trinity of knowledge, literature, science and philosophy, are, as a general rule, narrow in their views and disposed to undervalue those departments into which they have never been initiated. Much of the unreasonable hostility of Science to Philosophy and of Philosophy to Science is due to defective training. If we would have men capable of broad and humane ideas, we must give them a humane foundation to build upon. This foundation can be laid by a culture alone that embraces in its scope all the grand divisions of human knowledge. Dr. McCosh's view that Philosophy, Science and Literature, should be co-ordinate in a complete college course, and that the institution which slight either fails to realize the true ideal is, we are persuaded, the most catholic view of the subject that can be taken. In endorsing these views we may seem to clash with sentiments expressed in our last issue, but there is really no contradiction. We therein condemned the policy of splitting a college into segments for the accommodation of specialists, while at the same time we advocated on the part of the student the studious selection of some branch of study to which he might devote special attention. We do

not think a wise selection can be made previous to Junior year, and then the fellowships offered in the various departments will enable the student to determine his choice and shape his efforts.

So far from the fellowships interfering with the general culture of the institution it has been found that fellowship men as a general rule stand in the higher ranks of their classes. The Curriculum and the Fellowships work harmoniously, like wheels within wheels, and experience has gone far to demonstrate that such combination realizes the ends of both the general and special culture, without sacrificing either in the interests of the other. We are convinced that the tendency to supplant colleges in the broad sense, by separate schools of Science, Literature and Philosophy, arises from a bad tendency, and that it will work its own cure. The fundamental unity of knowledge will triumph over all partitioning expedients and the catholic principle will in the end prevail. The ages have adjudged the Scholastic Cultus one sided and partial because it neglected Science and letters. Shall not the ages to come condemn us as unphilosophic if we yield to the pressure of a sectarian tendency and narrow our culture down to the specific rather than the general needs of our times? The catholic principle is, we are persuaded, the true one; it is capable of indefinite expansion, and carried out in a liberal spirit, will do much to reconcile interests which now seem to be hopelessly at war.

So SPRING, redolent with musty odors, and tremulous with the quiet ecstasy of budding life, has come at last. We had almost despaired of ever seeing her smiling face dispel the gloomy clouds that were mantling the heavens like a pall. The vernal influences, it is fair to suppose, had a hard battle to fight in struggling through the misty vapors that have so persistently been showing their drear fronts from the supernal

arch. " Lazily they turn their violet flanks. The vapor, like a furnace-smoke rolls ever on the horizon"—is the beautiful language of an acute and brilliant writer, though a capricious and superficial critic. Whether the graceful sentence applies to the smoke-colored masses which veil the streets of P—— in so much darkness, and infuse into the spirit of the student so much depression and crabid moroseness, our readers can judge for themselves. But enough of this hypochondriasis. Such plaintive laments ill befit this splendid weather! Spring, "ethereal mildness," gentle, sweet and fragrant, is finally here; and we need only look on the green earth, the budding trees clothed in garments of vivid verdure, glistening in the sunlight, the embryonic gorgeous *flora* now expanding their tiny petals, the springing grass, the woodland songsters, making the groves musical with vibrating melodies, "and the witchery of the soft blue sky" above us, to feel and declare with a solemn joy that no boon so priceless does mortal possess as—*existence*. To *be*—it is noble, grand, exhilarating! What magnificent potentialities, lying dormant in our spirits, does that simple word suggest!

"Ah," we think, "but man so seldom attains the fullest growth and culture of which he is capable; so seldom develops from the stunted and sickly sapling that he is to the majestic, broad armed tree that he ought to be—that he might be." But why? How is it that the vegetation in the mental and moral realms is so meagre and attenuated? Why is it not rich, luxuriant, vigorous, magnificent? Because the plants refuse to imbibe the sap, to open their leaves to the vivifying influences of the sun, the great fructifying agent. Because they sleep drowsily when the silent dews are clustering in sparkling crystals on every blade and spire. Because they exclude the nourishing rains of heaven, and reject the proffered aliments of earth. Men dream and wish and hope; men muse and think and despair. Men do every thing *but do*. Men leave their purest thoughts unacted. Men deem it

"nobler to live among pot-herbs and believe in Paradise, than to dwell in Paradise and dream of a cabbage garden." They seize sublime principles and grasp fundamental truths, conceive profound ideas and revel in glorious visions, but the rude cold world is too chill and uncongenial a theatre for the realization of these adumbrant and superb longings. Not so.

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait,"

are old lines; almost threadbare from much repetition, and so familiar grown from jesting use, that in the contemptuous neglect they receive, the great truths they contain have lost not a little of the stimulating and inspiring power which they ought to exert. But these random reveries bring to mind a well-known line:

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

Finely worded, but—untrue. Would it not have been improved, at least so far as conformity with facts goes, if the gifted author had taken pains to make his verse embody an idea dominant in many minds just now? In the Spring a young man's mind heavily turns to thoughts of examinations. This is a postulate, indisputable, we think, but susceptible of *a posteriori* demonstration. The argument will be submitted for examination to any incredulous sceptic who will honor our sanctum with his presence. *Nemo dissentit*. If that is the case we will leave you to your studies and betake us to our well-thumbed books.

THERE IS NO disputing about facts. Whether the consummation be desirable or not the golden age of oratory seems to be passing away. The pen to-day is more powerful than the platform. True, in a crisis when the passions of men are in a

high state of excitement, eloquent appeal and impassional declamation are all powerful, but the orator is rather the wandering comet than the regular planet of our system. Under ordinary conditions if a man has anything valuable to say to his fellows he says it through the medium of the Press. The lecture system of the United States which has run a brilliant course in past years has reached its zenith and is rapidly on the decline. Books and newspapers have undermined the rostrum and what we once were fain to seek from the popular lecturer we can now obtain from the columns of our morning paper without stirring from our easy chair. Not that we undervalue the gift of eloquence. The golden tongue is to be coveted and the day we hope will never come when it shall be altogether silent. But our severe taste and passion for exact truth rebel against the crudities of spontaneous thought. We want the trained intellect able to grapple with the thousand and one practical questions of the day rather than the gift of tongues. It is a gratifying fact that this necessity of our age is making itself recognized in our colleges. The reign of Stentor has seen its best days. A few years ago the college press had scarcely been dreamed of. An occasional rake was about all that the undergraduate mind attempted in that line. A college journal was an anomaly. Now there is scarcely an institution of any moment that does not support at least one publication. The college press, for practical vigor and journalistic dignity compares not unfavorably with outside journalism. What does this betoken but that college students are awaking to the importance of live practical ability? That it is a more valuable acquisition to be able to write a nervous, racy article for the press, than to construct a smooth oration or an elaborate essay. It is not for us to depreciate scholarly attainments. We are advocates of literary culture in the highest sense of the word. But it is a cause for gratitude that the wall of partition which the old Scholastic spirit reared between the theoretical and the practical is fast crumbling to pieces. The old reproach

against the college graduate that he is an unpractical man will soon be an exploded sophism. The average student of the present is your most practical man; he is thoroughly awake to the live issues of the day and has accustomed himself to discuss them in a sensible, practical manner. For this he is largely indebted to the stimulus and the outlet afforded his powers by the college paper. Let us not lament the decline of the old regime under which the platform was a star of the first magnitude, but let us welcome in the new era in which the active student intellect in seeking to express itself through the medium of the pen is but obeying an impulse that is fast bringing our college communities into living sympathy with the great social organism outside.

THE TIME HAS come for us to surrender the editorial sanctum to our successors. It is with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret that we lay down the pen after a year's experience. What platitudes we might indite concerning the imperfection of human endeavors and the inevitable discrepancy between ideals and realities! but we abstain. We comfort ourselves with the reflection that, whatever our shortcomings, our efforts to maintain the prestige of the LIT. have not been altogether vain.

We have endeavored to redeem the promises made at the beginning of the year, and though we are aware of the imperfection of our work, we are willing to answer at the bar of a fair and judicious criticism. Our purpose has been to make the LIT. what its name imports, a literary magazine. If we were unable to supply some of our readers with the quantity and quality of gossip which their mental stomach seemed to demand, we furnished them with pabulum of another and perhaps more salutary kind. Our exchanges have been on the whole courteous and appreciative. A few have evinced a dis-

position to carp without knowing what, precisely, to carp about. In one notable instance an exchange after a twelve months silent contemplation of the LIT. ventured some astute observations on the design on its cover. Another after chastising us severely for our lack of Nineteenth Century progressiveness proceeded to electrify its own readers with the "Autobiography of a Freshman."

These however are rare instances and we note them *en passant* as curiosities of journalism. In reading our exchanges we are impressed with the importance college journalism has acquired during the last few years and the amount of talent which it has called out in its support. Several of our exchanges come to us regularly freighted with literature good enough to grace the pages of any Monthly in the country. Whatever part the college paper may be destined to play in the drama of the future, its intrinsic merits as an educator cannot be gainsayed.

That our magazine may be a faithful representative of the college it is essential that its literary department be well sustained. We have no complaints to make on the score of lack of support, but right here we would like to offer a few pertinent suggestions. There is too little writing done expressly for the LIT. An old essay may be dressed up so as to do service creditably in our columns but it always lacks the vivacity and fitness of a production written expressly for publication. If comparison were not invidious we could name at least one of our exchanges which exemplifies in its racy original articles, the advantages of the practice we are advocating. College publications will never be what they should be till more of our best writing talent is devolved to their support. This, we are aware, is a time-honored complaint but we repeat it, in the hope that ultimately the evil will be removed.

It has been suggested that the "Voice of the Students" and the "Olla-pod." be discontinued and that the LIT. be devoted exclusively to literature. Aside from the difficulty of obtain-

ing support for a purely literary organ, we do not deem it expedient on other grounds to attempt such a change. On general principles the opinions of a community are more likely to obtain full expression where there are two mediums than where only one exists. The only valid argument in favor of the discontinuance of the "Voice" would be the practical one—want of support. That want has not been felt. At no time has the "Vox" been more liberally patronized than during the past year. We deem it important that it should be sustained. There might seem to be less reason for continuing the "Ollapod." But the advantage of having a record of the leading events of college life in a convenient shape for binding, is obvious. It need not be prolix, but we consider some such record of college affairs due to our subscribers. Some useful changes could no doubt be made. An Editors' table would afford an outlet for editorial vivacity and enhance the popularity of the *LIT.* Any change of that nature our successors may see fit to introduce, will receive our hearty approbation.

The gentlemen who succeed us in the editorial function have our best wishes for their success. We surrender to them, feeling that the *LIT.* is falling into the hands of men who are both able and willing to maintain its high rank among college journals and who will endeavor to make it in all respects a worthy exponent of the literary culture of Nassau Hall.

And now with a mutual interchange of hand grips and adieus with our readers and exchanges, with a cordial God speed to our successors, and to the dear old *NASSAU LIT.* which we have had the honor of conducting through another year of its history, we drop the pen and go out to take our part in that scene of tumult and confusion which by common consent is called, life.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

PROJECTED IMPROVEMENTS.—The outcry recently raised in a prominent New York paper concerning brick and mortar colleges has in no way deterred the Trustees from providing comfortable accommodations for the students and adequate room for the Professors and their appliances. We were recently allowed the privilege of examining the plans drawn by Professor Lindsey for an addition to the Scientific School. The new part will be two stories and an attic in height, and will extend from the wing of the building fronting Nassau Street along Washington Street, to a point at right angles with the tower, thence along William Street joining the main building at the end of what is now Dr. Macloskie's Herbarium room. It will be seen that the building will be in the form of a hollow square, enclosing in the center an open court-yard which will afford ample light to the back part of the rooms. This court yard will be entered by two gateways, the one on Washington the other on William Street.

In the basement on the Nassau Street wing, what is now the Qualitative Laboratory will be transformed into a Mineralogical Cabinet. On Washington Street will be the Quantitative Laboratory and two recitation rooms over twenty feet in length. On the same story in the William Street wing there will be another equally large lecture or recitation room, and a shop and plant room for Dr. Macloskie. Ascending to the ground floor the Washington Street wing will contain a Lecture room 20x25 feet, a Private Laboratory, a large Mechanical Drawing room and a Geographical or Topographical Drawing room. Turning the corner of the building on William Street we enter the Astronomy lecture room, adjoining which is a cabinet for astronomical purposes.

The second story wing on Washington Street is divided into two recitation rooms, a Museum of Construction 60x25 feet, and a large lecture room for Engineering and Architecture. In the other wing will be the Physical Laboratory. The Attic will contain a Botanical Laboratory, Herbarium and Photographer. The two wings will be built of the same materials and in the same style of architecture as the main building. Work will be resumed as soon as the details can be drawn.

DICKINSON HALL.—Many of us have noted the frequent oscillations of Dickinson Hall, even since it has been strengthened by iron rods. To such of the under classes as have been apprehensive of a fall of the building while they

were within and have been looking forward to a longer stay with constantly increasing fears, it may afford relief to be informed that next Fall they will recite in an entirely renovated and renewed building. The roof and stone work is to be torn off down to the top of the windows of the second story, the building will be fortified and strengthened as well as beautified by outstanding buttresses on the corners, and also on the projecting ends of the main portion to which the lateral wings are attached. A tall and handsome tower, adorned with a profusion of "ginger bread work," is to rise in front from the point now occupied by the porch and steps. The roof is to be built up and peaked somewhat after the manner of the Scientific school and the small recitation rooms on each side of Examination Hall are to give way to large and airy lecture rooms. The great Examination Hall is to be situated on the side of the building towards North College and is to be commanded by two elevated platforms which sweep the whole room. On the side towards the Scientific School are to be the two lecture rooms, spoken of above, which will be as large and comfortable as any below.

HALL SECRETS.—The recent excitement in regard to the alleged disclosure of a secret of Whig Hall, which was no longer a secret, has abated and has given rise to the query whether there exist such things as Hall Secrets. It was recently remarked, since the numerous meetings of the two societies, and the consequent discussions after those excited assemblages, that it would be a better subject of investigation to endeavor to discover what was not known in regard to the internal machinery of the Halls than to waste so much time in investigating a fact which everyone had known of for months. The whole matter has disclosed two things. First, that there is a growing feeling of the advisability of removing the ban of secrecy from the Halls on the ground of its uselessness.

Second, that the increasing red-tapeism of the Halls, the number of their members, causing long and boring sessions, and their affiliation to the college authorities which is destroying their autonomy, has developed a growing lack of interest in their proceedings, and proportionately decreased the influence which they exerted in the college. This is seen in the college elections which are no longer made Hall matters, in the number of students who now refuse on entering college to connect themselves with either society, in the number who having entered the societies, leave or allow their connection to be severed, by regular process of accumulation of dues and fines. That such a proposition as the throwing of the Hall libraries into the college should be broached and seriously considered by any of their members will seem unaccountable to most of their graduates of ten years standing. The fact is the Halls by their increased numbers fail to supply the design for which they were at first created. True Clio Hall has taken a step towards a semi-solution of this difficulty but the divisions even now are too large for thorough and agreeable training. No one can or will deny the great advantages to be gained by a conscientious use of Hall privileges and we are extremely sorry to observe this apathy in regard to the best interests of the societies. With a smaller and more select number, with shorter sessions and the abolishment of

the useless death's head and bloody bones part, it seems to us and many others that the career of the Halls would be far more glorious in the future than it has in the past.

NOTICE.—Persons who are in the habit of going to Trenton for Clothes and Gents' Furnishing goods will please take notice that the town is under College surveillance. In this connection we would call attention to the fact that Duyckinck & Fisher have removed their clothing Warehouse to 707 Broadway, New York, between 4th Avenue and Washington Place.

"EASTERN QUESTIONS."—Scene, Cambridge Foot Ball Grounds.

1st Student.—There seems plenty of Musclemen about, this looks like war.

2nd Student.—Yes the Rushers are moving to the front.

3rd Student.—And by the looks of that fellow's eye there have been offensive operations on the Black (Sea) Sea.

COLUMBIA GAMES.—In accordance with the invitation extended by the Columbia College Athletic Association five representatives from Princeton took part in the Annual Spring games which were held at Mott Haven on May 5th. There was much delay in beginning the sports so that it was nearly if not quite 12 M. when the first event took place. As few, if any, Princeton men had been practising this Spring, those men who so desired were sent down by the Athletic Association. Messrs. Phraner, Greene and Hunt '78 and Larkin '79 entered from the Academic and Farmlly from the Scientific School.

The Half Mile run had the following entries, Greene, Hammond, and Colgate. Greene took the lead and kept it until the $\frac{1}{4}$ mile point when he was passed by Colgate and Hammond, Colgate winning in 2:15. Hammond 2nd and Greene some yards behind.

The Pole vaulting was the most closely contested event of the day. Entries, Weeks, Pryor, Bogert, Larkin. Larkin dropped out at 7 feet 6 inches, Pryor also failed to clear the rod and the contest was narrowed down to Weeks and Bogert, the former of which won. Distance 8 feet 5 inches.

Hunt, Hammond and Waller entered for the One Hundred yard dash. Hunt missing his first step was unable to make up the distance lost and was defeated by Waller in $11\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

Farmlly easily won the prize for throwing the sixteen pound hammer although making but 79 feet. Boyd second, Larkin third.

For the 440 yard run, Colgate, Hammond and Greene entered. Greene as before was passed and took the rear place at the finish. Hammond winning in $54\frac{3}{4}$ seconds.

Broad Jump. Entered Bogert and Hunt. Won by Hunt easily. Distance 18 feet. Bogert, 16 feet.

In the Mile run Phraner and Barnes were the only entries. Phraner led till the quarter post when Barnes passed him; at three-quarter mile point Phraner gave out and Barnes completed the distance in 5 minutes and $21\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.

We would suggest to the Athletic Association that before any future challenges are accepted, care be taken to ascertain whether competent men can be found to represent the college and whether they have fitted themselves by practice for the parts they are to take. The running high jump, one hundred yards dash and vaulting with the pole have all been repeatedly beaten at our own games, and if the person who accomplished the feat was unable to attend, care should at least have been taken that the men who were sent were sufficiently trained to ensure some reasonable hope of success. One thing is evident, past records do not win games though they may sometimes frighten out competitors; practice constant and unremitting is the only harbinger of success and the Association should now see that the facilities for this practice be provided immediately. Otherwise we may find ourselves again left out in the cold, defeated by records which with a little pains we could easily have surpassed.

PARK AVENUE.—The college has lately come into possession of Mrs. Terry's property, and proposes to open a street through it past Vandeventer's pond. This will bring into the market a large amount of hitherto unproductive land belonging to Mr. Vandeventer who has sold to the College two large plots on each side of the street, the one 125 feet long on the extension through the Terry property and running 150 feet towards Witherspoon Street, the other the same length on the extension of Washington Street and running 259 feet towards Queenston. These lots mark the corner of a new street to be opened parallel with Nassau running through Vandeventer's property and which will be called Park Avenue. Along this street on the ground purchased by them the college proposes to remove the houses from around the Scientific School, with the exception of old Woodhull Hall which is to be retained as a residence by Professor Lindsey. The small wooden structure next to Woodhull Hall No. 2, is in process of removal to the north east corner of the new ball grounds where it is to serve as a shanty for the keeper of the grounds. The removal of the other houses is not to take place, we have been informed until the early part of the summer. Mrs. Terry is to retain possession of her house until the end of the term.

HINTS TO USERS OF THE LIBRARY.—As many of our readers have been often embarrassed in their efforts to most pleasantly and readily procure books from the library, and as this has been largely due to ignorance of the rules, we have subjoined the following hints, from among the numerous and varied regulations, which we trust will be of service to them.

Always remove your hat before entering the library. A covering is not necessary, neither is it respectful.

Never ask the place of a book before using all means in your power to ferret it out. The arrangement, placed a foot or so from the floor on the side of the desk, is the proper place of reference for all persons who are so ignorant as not to comprehend the singularly simple and consistent arrangement on the shelves.

In making out the bill of lading or receipt, note the entire title page, carefully counting the number of pages, pencil marks and grease spots on the volume. Be

sure and always put the edition and volume, and if there is room enough on the check, the binding.

The hours for taking out books are from 12 to 1.

Books of Art, including all books having handsome plates, and some which have not, can only be examined by application to the Bureau of Permits at the Librarian's desk, as they are kept under lock and key in the East room.

"Poole's Index" must not be sought for in its appropriate place but will be found somewhere between the entrance door and the Review alcove.

Many books cannot be renewed. The books which you especially desire to peruse are included in this category; by remembering this rule much trouble and many fines will be saved.

The old English novelists have been placed on the *Index Expurgationis*, but Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth have been purchased lately at some expense and will shortly be placed on the shelves.

By a careful committal of these rules we predict for our readers a much more pleasant and frequent use of the library.

POST GRADUATE COURSES.—In an address delivered to the Senior Class Dr. McCosh began by saying that if his attention had been directed to anything, and if he had accomplished anything since he came to Princeton, it had been in the line of advancing the standard of instruction in the College course. He did not propose and had never proposed to so advance the entrance examinations that admission could not be procured until 18 years of age. This he thought would cut out from an education many whose limited means would not permit them to remain in study until 22 years of age and whose parents felt that they could not bear the burden of the expense for such a protracted period.

But the system of electives and fellowships has been established in order to allow students and graduates to pursue advanced courses of study. Heretofore graduates have been compelled to cross the ocean to seek the higher education. He now proposes next year to establish a post graduate course where those who so wished could pursue those special courses of study for which they were most fitted or felt most inclined. The five new professors who had recently been elected had entered heartily, even enthusiastically, into the plan and would gladly give instruction in advanced courses. The Theological Seminary contains one of the best oriental scholars in the country and an assistant who is rapidly rising to eminence. As instances of what could be accomplished the Doctor named Philology, Philosophy and Physical Science. In the former Prof. Green might give instruction in Semetic Languages, Mr. McCurdy in Hebrew, Sanscrit and Chaldee, Prof. Packard in Comparative Philology and Latin, Prof. Sloan in Arabic and Comparative Philology, Prof. Orris in Greek. In the second course, Philosophy, the Doctor enumerated Dr. McCosh, History of Philosophy, Dr. Atwater, Ethics and Metaphysics, Dr. Shields, Comparative Philosophy and Science and Religion. In Physical Science our course he said need not be excelled.

These are only instances, said Dr. McCosh, of what we may be able to do the first year, afterwards other courses may be added and the present ones enlarged. He ended by asking all who seriously considered the question of returning next year to hand in their names and proposed studies to him.

HARVARD FOOT-BALL GAME.—The long expected match between Harvard and Princeton teams took place at Cambridge, Mass., on Saturday, April 28th, before 2,500 spectators. The grand stand was filled with Boston ladies who showed that they did not exclusively devote their attentions, as calumniators allege, to Logic and Metaphysics, and who clearly proved by their interest in the game that "blue stockings" can appreciate contests of muscle as well as of brains.

Harvard led off with a fine drop kick and after 10 minutes hard work secured a "touch down." Seamans failed to "kick goal." Princeton evidently lacked practice in passing the ball, though her running was full equal to her antagonist, and her kicking in every respect as good. Time was called with a score of nothing to nothing. Sides were now changed and Princeton soon procured a touch down at the sides of the goal posts but failed, as did Harvard before, to "kick goal." After 12 minutes of struggling, Harvard secured a "touch down" by an error of one of our backs and secured a goal.

No further "touch downs" or goals were made and the game was decided Harvard's by a score of one goal and one touch down to Princeton's one touch down.

McNair, Potter and Nicoll were disabled and substitutes had to be called on. Princeton has nothing to be ashamed of in her contests this year with Harvard and Yale, both times playing with experienced teams. Her failure was evidently from want of sufficiently long practice in passing the balls, as her long kicks and runs were acknowledged to be at least equal to her adversary. This defect we feel confident will be remedied next year, and we can hopefully predict for our fifteen the success which so long perched upon the banners of the twenty. On the Princeton side McCosh, Ballard, McNair and Nicoll showed some fine play; on the Harvard, Seamans, Blanchard and Cushing. The teams were constituted as follows:

PRINCETON.—Rushers: Messrs. E. Nicoll, Van Dyke, Potter, Ballard, Enos, McNair, Willy. Half Backs: B. Nicoll, (Captain,) Stewart, Smock, McCalmont, McCosh. Backs: Dodge, Thompson, Cutts.

HARVARD.—Rushers: Messrs. Cushing '79, (Captain,) Keys, Blanchard, Perry, Holmes, Houston, Cushing, '77. Half Backs: Herrick, Austin, Curtis, Winsor, Seamans. Backs: Sheldon, Thomas, Faucon.

UMPIRES.—Harvard, Mr. Russel '77; Princeton, Mr. Roessle '79.

REFEREE.—Mr. Harrington of Tuft's College.

DEATH OF MR. FICKLEN.—It will pain many of our readers to be informed of the death of George Ficklen, '76, which occurred last week at his home in Fredericksburgh. Va. He was well known while in College, no less for his

great ability as a writer and a speaker than for his personal qualities which endeared him to many of his friends. He was one of the editors of the *NASSAU LIT* for '76 and one of the ablest members of the American Whig Society. His health had been failing for some time before he graduated and he was compelled to leave College before commencement. This is the second death which has occurred since the graduation of '76.

It has been proposed by a member of the Instrumental Club to give open air concerts on the campus if only a band stand can be provided. All can then hear free the fine playing of our club of which we are so proud. We feel assured the suggestion needs only to be made to be carried out. A very small subscription would suffice to accomplish all that is necessary. "Verbum sat sapientis."

BASE BALL.—The vicissitudes of the Game of Ball have never been more clearly shown than in the matches played by our nine since the opening of the season. Games in which heavy batting and brilliant fielding predominated have been succeeded by others characterized by the direct opposite. The nine show their work in the gymnasium in the increased efficiency of the batsmen but in the fielding list there is much room for improvement as the following scores will testify.

The first game of the season was played on Saturday, April 14, at Philadelphia with the newly reorganized Athletic Club. The batting was very heavy on the College side, and the fielding of Furman and Kaufman brilliant. Denny at third base gained laurels for his throwing. Appended is the score.

ATHLETIC.							PRINCETON.						
	R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I B. E.		R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I B. E.
McGinley, h.,	3	2	8	2	2	2	Furman, r.,	4	3	2	0	3	1
Fisler, b.,	0	2	1	2	2	2	Laughlin, s.,	4	3	0	2	3	2
Meyerle, c.,	0	5	3	2	0	0	Karge, a.,	3	3	12	0	4	2
Sensenderfer, m.,	1	4	1	0	0	1	Denny, c.,	3	3	0	3	2	0
Fulmer, s.,	2	3	1	4	0	4	Duffield, l.,	3	2	2	0	2	1
Coons, a.,	0	5	15	0	0	0	Kaufman, m.,	2	3	2	0	3	2
Reach, r.,	2	1	0	0	2	0	Funkhouser, h.,	2	3	8	0	3	2
Weaver, p.,	2	2	0	5	0	2	Warren, b.,	0	4	0	1	3	1
Trott, l.,	1	3	0	0	1	1	Smith, p.,	3	3	1	3	4	3
Total,	11	27	27	15	7	11	Total,	24	27	27	9	27	14
INNINGS.													
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9				
Princeton,	5	0	2	1	0	4	6	6	0—24.				
Athletic,	1	4	0	0	0	2	0	4	0—11.				

Passed Balls—Funkhouser, 1; McGinley, 2. Called Balls—Smith, 11; Weaver, 5. Two Base Hits—Furman, Denny, Karge, Fisler. Three Base Hits—Furman, Denny. Earned Runs—Princeton, 10. Scorers—Princeton. G. Parmley '76; Athletic, A. H. Wright. Time of game, 2 hours 20 minutes.

A return game with the Athletics played on April 24th, at Princeton resulted in their second defeat. Duffield, Laughlin and Furman excelled at the bat. Appended is the score :

PRINCETON.					ATHLETIC.				
	R.	P.	O.	I B. E.		R.	P.	O.	I B. E.
Furman, r.,	1	0	0	2	Ryan, l.,	3	1	2	0
Laughlin, s.,	2	0	2	1	Fisler, a.,	1	9	0	1
Campbell, a.,	0	2	1	0	Meyerle, c.,	1	0	1	1
Denny, c.,	1	1	2	0	Eggler, m.,	0	1	0	0
Duffield, l.,	2	1	2	0	Fulmer, s.,	1	0	1	3
Kaufman, m.,	3	0	3	0	Coons, h.,	1	7	0	8
Warren, b.,	2	2	1	3	Weaver, p.,	0	0	0	1
Funkhouser, h.,	1	11	1	5	Shetzline, b.,	1	3	1	0
Smith, p.,	1	0	2	0	Reach, r.,	1	6	1	1
Total,	13	27	14	11	Total,	9	27	6	15

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	0	3	2	0	4	1	3	0	0-13.
Athletic,	1	3	0	0	2	0	1	1	1-9.

Time of game, 3 hours 10 minutes. Umpire, G. H. Southworth. Runs earned, Athletic, 0; Princeton, 3.

On April 30th, the Athletics were again met by our nine, but this time the tables were turned. McGlynn played his position finely. Duffield led the batting. Appended is the score :

PRINCETON.					ATHLETIC.				
	R.	O.	P.	O. A. I B. E.		R.	O.	P.	O. A. I B. E.
Furman, r.,	0	4	1	0 0 1	Eggler, m.,	1	3	1	0 0 0
Laughlin, s.,	1	3	1	1 2 1	Fisler, a.,	0	3	14	1 0 0
Campbell a.,	0	3	13	0 0 1	Ryan, l.,	0	4	1	0 0 1
Denny, c.,	0	2	1	1 0 0	Coons, c.,	1	3	0	0 1 2
Duffield, l.,	1	1	0	2 0 0	Fulmer, s.,	0	4	1	0 5 2
Kaufman, m.,	0	4	3	0 0 1	Reach, r.,	2	2	0	2 0 0
Warren, b.,	0	4	3	0 4 1	Shetzline, b.,	0	3	2	1 2 1
Funkhouser, h.,	0	3	5	1 0 5	Weaver, p.,	0	3	1	1 4 0
Smith, p.,	0	3	0	0 4 1	McGlynn, h.,	1	2	7	3 0 2
Total,	2	27	27	5 10 11	Total,	5	27	27	8 12 8

Runs earned, none. Time of game, 2¼ hours. Umpire, M. W. Jacobus. Passed balls, Funkhouser, 4; Coons, 2.

On May 16th, the nine were defeated by the International Alliance Chelsea Club. Denny was placed behind the bat but showed that his right hand had lost its cunning. Appended is the score by innings :

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3-5.
Chelsea,	2	0	2	3	0	0	1	0	2-10.

The best game of the season, perhaps, was played on May 3rd, with the Resolutes. Funkhouser's catching was very fine and Duffield made a beautiful throw in from left putting Coyne out at home. Laughlin led at the bat and played his position without an error. Appended is the score:

PRINCETON.						RESOLUTE.							
	R.	P.	O.	I	B.	E.		R.	P.	O.	I	B.	E.
Furman, r.,	0	0	0	0	0		Fallow, p.,	0	1	1	1	0	
Laughlin, s.,	1	1	2	0	0		Farrow, h.,	0	7	0	2	0	
Campbell, a.,	0	15	0	1	0		Pearson, r.,	1	0	2	0	0	
Denny, c.,	1	2	1	2	0		Austin, m.,	0	1	1	1	0	
Duffield, l.,	0	0	0	0	0		Peters, a.,	0	12	0	0	0	
Warren, b.,	0	0	1	0	0		Dolan, s.,	1	0	0	0	0	
Kaufman, m.,	0	2	0	1	0		Coyne, b.,	0	1	1	1	4	
Smith, p.,	1	0	1	0	0		Freeman, l.,	1	3	0	0	0	
Funkhouser, h.,	0	7	0	1	0		Ricker, c.,	1	2	1	0	0	
Total,	3	27	5	5			Total,	4	27	6	6		

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-3.
Resolutes,	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0-4.

Passed balls, Farrow, 2; Funkhouser, 1. Struck at and missed, Princeton, 41; Resolutes, 25. Two base hit, Smith.

On May 5th, the University engaged with the Athletics in Philadelphia and were defeated by the following score:

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0-2.
Athletics,	0	6	0	2	1	1	1	0	1-12.

Errors, Princeton, 15; Athletics, 12.

The second match with the Resolute club of Elizabeth, was played on May 7. Numerous errors defaced the score on both sides but Smith's pitching was evidently an enigma as the visiting club made but two base hits. Appended is the score:

PRINCETON.									RESOLUTE.								
	R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I	B.	E.		R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I	B.	E.
Laughlin, s.,	0	2	3	1	0	1			Fallon, p.,	0	4	1	1	0	1		
Furman, r.,	0	5	0	0	0	0			Farrow, h.,	1	2	2	1	0	1		
F. Denny, a.,	1	4	15	0	1	3			Pearson, r.,	0	4	2	0	0	1		
J. Denny, c.,	2	3	1	1	0	1			Austin, m.,	0	2	2	0	1	1		
Warren, b.,	2	2	2	4	1	3			Peters, a.,	1	3	10	1	0	1		
Duffield, l.,	2	1	0	0	2	1			Dolan, s.,	1	2	1	2	0	3		
Kaufman, m.,	2	3	3	0	1	0			Coyne, b.,	0	4	1	0	0	1		
Smith, p.,	1	4	1	4	2	1			Freeman, l.,	0	4	4	0	1	3		
Funkhouser, h.,	1	3	2	1	1	4			Ricker, c.,	1	2	4	4	0	6		
Total,	11	27	27	11	8	14			Total,	4	27	27	9	2	18		

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	3	0	0	2	0	1	5	0	0-11.
Resolutes,	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0-4.

Passed balls, Funkhouser, 4; Farrow, 1. Called balls, Smith, 12; Fallon, 12. Struck at and missed, Princeton, 20; Resolutes, 29.

The Mutuals of New York were defeated May 9th by a score of 6-4.

Bats were crossed on May 14th, with the Alaskas of Brooklyn. Smith's pitching was very effective. Kaufman in the field made two beautiful fly catches and Laughlin played his position without an error. Kaufman led at the bat while Warren, Smith and Laughlin each made two base hits. Appended is the score :

PRINCETON.

	R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I	B.	E.
Laughlin, s.,	0	5	1	4	2	0		
Furman, r.,	0	4	0	0	0	0		
Denny, c.,	0	4	8	2	1	0		
Kaufman, m.,	1	2	2	0	3	1		
F. Denny, a.,	0	2	6	0	1	1		
Duffield, l.,	1	2	2	0	0	0		
Warren, b.,	2	2	0	0	2	3		
Smith, p.,	0	3	1	0	2	0		
Funkhouser, h.,	1	3	7	0	1	4		
Total,	5	27	27	6	12	9		

ALASKAS.

	R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I	B.	E.
Quilty, h.,	1	3	6	1	2	2		
Hankinson, p.,	0	5	1	3	0	0		
Troy, b.,	1	2	4	1	0	0		
Tracy, s.,	1	1	3	7	2	1		
Rice, r.,	0	2	0	0	1	0		
Moore, c.,	0	2	1	3	2	1		
Isherwood, a.,	0	4	9	0	0	0		
Tilly, m.,	0	4	2	0	0	1		
Jolly, l.,	0	4	1	0	0	0		
Total,	3	27	27	15	7	5		

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.
Princeton,	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	1-5.
Alaskas,	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1-3.

Passed balls, Funkhouser 3; Quilty, 2. Struck out, Princeton, 2; Alaskas, 5. Called balls, Smith, 16; Hankinson, 19. Earned runs, Princeton, 3.

The Enterprise of Brooklyn were defeated May 18th by a score of 15-3.

The game to which all other games had been preliminary took place on May 19th with the Harvard University Ball nine. The day was very warm but this did not prevent an audience of some seven hundred spectators from assembling on the New Grounds most of whom anticipated the disastrous defeat of the home nine. How much they were mistaken the sequel will show. Game was called a little after twelve with Princeton at the bat. They were quickly blanked and from this time until the sixth inning failed to score. Harvard in the first inning by a base hit of Leeds assisted by errors of Funkhouser and Smith got in a run. In the second inning by tremendous hitting they earned two runs and in the third and fourth by errors of Laughlin, Funkhouser and Denny, scored two again. They failed to score in the fifth, and Princeton came to the bat with the game standing 5-0 in favor of the visiting club. Funkhouser through errors of Leeds,

Tyng and Dow assisted by a base hit by Kaufman scored the first run for Princeton amidst great applause. Harvard was quickly blanked and Princeton showed her nerve by earning two runs through base hits by Duffield, Jacobus and Funkhouser. Harvard then came to the bat and Tower her centre fielder made a magnificent three base hit and went home on a fumble by J. Denny. Score 6—3 in favor of Harvard. In the eighth inning Princeton tallied two more runs, through hits of Kaufman and Smith aided by errors of Tyng and Leeds, and Harvard being blanked, amid great excitement Princeton took the bat with but one to tie. Alas! Funkhouser batted a fly to Ernst, Laughlin was caught out by Tyng on a foul bound, and Furman hit an easy fly to Leeds. Harvard scored once more through an unpardonable muff of Furman and we found ourselves defeated by a score of 7—5.

The umpiring of Mr. Bird deserves special mention for its fairness and impartiality. Kaufman distinguished himself by catching two of the most difficult flies and by his leading at the bat. Jacobus won laurels on third and after the second inning but two base hits were made from Smith's pitching. Appended is the score.

PRINCETON.							HARVARD.						
	R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I B. E.		R.	O.	P.	O.	A.	I B. E.
Laughlin, s.,	0	4	4	4	0	3	Leeds, s.,	1	3	1	1	1	3
Furman, r.,	0	4	2	0	1	1	Tyng, h.,	1	4	9	0	0	4
J. Denny, b.,	0	4	1	3	0	2	Tower, m.,	1	4	0	0	1	0
Kaufman, m.,	1	1	3	0	3	0	Thayer, c.,	1	3	0	0	1	0
F. Denny, a.,	0	4	12	0	0	0	Ernst, p.,	0	4	3	3	0	0
Duffield, l.,	2	2	0	0	1	0	Latham, l.,	1	1	4	0	2	0
Jacobus, c.,	1	3	0	3	1	0	Wright, a.,	1	3	6	0	1	0
Smith, p.,	0	4	0	2	1	2	Dow, r.,	1	2	3	0	1	1
Funkhouser, h.,	1	1	5	1	1	3	Sawyer, b.,	0	3	1	1	1	0
Total,	5	27	27	13	8	11	Total,	7	27	27	5	8	8
INNINGS.													
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9.				
Harvard,	1	2	1	1	0	0	1	0	1—7.				
Princeton,	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	2	0—5.				

Earned runs, Princeton, 2; Harvard 2. Struck out, Princeton, 3; Harvard, 3. Struck at and missed, Princeton, 22; Harvard, 24. Passed Balls, Funkhouser, 3; Tyng, 3. Umpire, Mr. C. S. Bird, Harvard B. B. C.

The disgraceful condition of the walks of the back campus calls for prompt action from the College authorities. No less than five men have badly injured themselves by falling on the projecting rocks, and into the holes which yawn in every direction. It has been now two weeks since anything has been done in regard to them, and it can be considered nothing but shameful negligence on the part of whoever has the matter in charge. The front campus for some days was no better, and more hairbreadth escapes we never heard mentioned than by

those who traversed the line of the fence at night narrowly missed a broken leg by reason of stumps, ditches and carts thrown together in the greatest profusion.

The committee appointed by the Senior Class to select a Class Poet and Class Odist have awarded the first to C. S. Clark, N. Y., the ode to Jotham Potter, Ohio.

CONCERT.—A somewhat small though highly appreciative audience greeted the Swedish Lady Quartette on the occasion of their first visit to Princeton, on the evening of May 8th, '77. The programme which was carefully chosen embraced nine selections.

The opening song, entitled Meditation, was rendered with much sweetness of expression and purity of voice, and by its rhythmic melody and perfect time, appealed to the sensibilities of all present.

The Wedding Cortege was received with great applause. The imitation of the bells was all that could be desired; the tones of the voice were sustained unwaveringly throughout in a manner which showed, not only the native power and sweetness of the singers' voices, but also the perfect training they had received.

Dudley Buck's Concert Waltz received an encore. The different singers sustained their parts admirably in this selection and the time was particularly good.

The Polka was hailed with a tremendous encore for which they sang the Old Folks at Home. We have rarely heard it interpreted in a more happy manner or with more tenderness of expression than by these ladies, singing in a language not their own.

Hark, Hark, and Coasting Song were well received, but the Serenade received a tremendous encore, though the last piece of the evening.

In seeking for an explanation of the charm of these vocalists' singing, we find it largely in the novelty of the style of the selections no less than in the power of the performers' voices. While classical music and the Italian opera are better fitted to exhibit the point to which a voice can be trained, yet to our mind the simpler songs of the Nordland, interpreted by four as carefully trained singers as the Misses Carlson, Lofyren, Exstrom and Erexon are a delightful oasis in the desert of trills, frills and vocal gymnastics.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT.—On Friday, May 18th, the Glee Club, assisted by the Orchestra, gave a concert at Freehold. Owing, however, to the exceedingly warm weather, or to lack of appreciation on the part of the towns-people, they had but a small audience, there being "but two families there," as Gov. expressed it. The concert was one of the best the Club has ever given; the programme being even better than the one at Wilkesbarre. The boys were handsomely entertained after the concert, by Mr. W. C. Chambers, '71, at the American House, and it is certain that the disappointment of the early part of the evening was forgotten in the enjoyment of the latter part.

CIRCUS.—On May 11th O'Brien's grand circus, combining six separate and distinct shows consolidated,—six separate institutions in one gigantic organization,—visited Princeton. The procession formed back of the Scientific building at half-past ten, and at eleven began its triumphal march through the streets, drawing in its wake the usual number of boys, negroes and Freshmen. As early as eight o'clock the streets were lined with the elite of the surrounding country, old men and young maidens, black and white, assembled to take part in Princeton's galaday. The sides of the wagons were appropriately covered with such designs as Moses in the bulrushes, the Sermon on the Mount, and Jonah in the whale's belly, of course all indicative of the high moral character of the showmen. Without doubt the attending company were the roughest looking set of men we have ever seen, and from all accounts their actions did not belie their looks.

The clown succeeded in getting off the usual number of jokes on the Sophs. and Fresh. while the town merchants were hit hard and often. We learned for the first time that Mr. R. discovered America, and that Mr. B. had side whiskers, while the fact that Mr. A. was a good fellow did not startle us in the least. Altogether it was the poorest circus we have ever attended, not only being destitute of any attractive features, but in some respects absolutely indecent.

CONCERT IN CHAPEL.—A slim audience assembled in the Chapel on the 22nd, to listen to a concert by the college Orchestra, the first one ever given by them independent of the Glee Club.

The programme was an excellent one, the "Nassau Waltzes" by W. J. Henderson, '76, being especially fine both in composition and execution.

ALASKAS VS. PRINCETON.—The Alaskas returned for a second game with the University nine on the 22nd. Play was called at 12, but interrupted after four innings by rain, the score standing 1 to 0 in favor of the Alaskas. After a slight shower, play was resumed, and until the 9th inning not another run was scored; then a base hit by F. Denny brought in the first run for Princeton, and the Alaskas ret red with a blank, leaving the score even. Two more innings followed, the home nine failing to score again, while the Alaskas by a base hit by Isherwood followed by another from Tracy, with errors by Funkhouser, scored their second run, thus winning one of the prettiest games ever played here.

P. S. Jeddy wants to know if Gibbon was a "gentleman commoner," because he was commoner than other men.

BOOK NOTICES.

Art as a Branch of College Instruction. A paper read to the Princeton Alumni Association of New York, on the 19th of March, 1877. By Parke Godwin, President. New York: John F. Trow & Son.

As the occasion demanded, this is a short study of a great subject. It makes a strong plea in its few pages, for Art culture. After commending the disposition on the part of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, and a few other centers, "to lift themselves out of the rank of Grammar Schools into that of Universities"—"to peep from the twilight of learned seclusion into the glare of the day"—to regard "the progress of mankind in knowledge, which includes the knowledge of what knowledge is,—both as to its kinds and their relative importance," it traces the mistakes of Mediaeval learning, and the struggles of the human mind, not only for its freedom, but for the sphere of that freedom. The "singular gap" in collegiate instruction is the omission of Art, its theory and practice. Mr. Godwin pleasantly remarks: "How profound it is, you may judge, from the answer made me by a college president when I spoke to him on the subject; 'Sir,' said he 'you are greatly mistaken; we acknowledge the full importance of Art; and, indeed, in my lectures on Mental Philosophy, I devote several pages to a consideration of the objects and nature of esthetics.' He might have added in further proof, that during the senior year in some of them, Blair's Rhetoric, or Kames's Elements of Criticism, which no man in the outer world has looked at for a century, are used as text books, and that all the young gentlemen are required to write compositions and to speak their pieces several times a session." If we mistake not, we received not more than "several pages" of æsthetics—but no matter. Then comes a condensed, though comprehensive discussion of the scope and influence of Art—which it would seem originated in one of the profoundest impulses of the human soul, forms part and parcel of history, is one of the deepest fountains of civil progress, and as a means of man's mastery of the world, stands on a level with Science, Philosophy or Religion.

A just rebuke is administered to those "who confound Art with simple tricks of decoration." A scheme of instruction without special instruction in Art is said to be like English literature without Shakespeare, or Greek literature without Homer, or Italian literature without Dante. Hence every college should have well filled professorships of Art, and halls of Art where might be exhibited the wealth of human genius. In view of this we rejoice in the steps lately taken by Princeton, and hope that many more, in the same direction, will soon follow—that the present make-shift gallery in the E. M. Museum will rapidly give way to the prospective Art Building. Those who admired Mr. Godwin's lecture on the theory of Art, will find a pleasant reminder of it in this pamphlet.

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Harriet Martineau's Autobiography. Edited by Maria W. Chapman. 2 Vols. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

With all the extended criticism passed upon this work it would be very little that we could add or even repeat on this page. Her knowledge of literaria and her acquaintance among literati was wonderful and the information given us from all this is as valuable as it is original. But of all the book, the first few pages charm us most. Very few writers can bring back the memories of early childhood. Still fewer can picture them so vividly, so naturally as to turn the reader's own mind with them to those half forgotten days,

"Where the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy."

Some have doubted the merit of those early recollections: some think them shaded with the stolid gloom of her life. But I value them more highly. They are proof of her own strong self-consciousness: they give us an insight into the mysterious wonderings of the child's mind, the glories that open in its growth, the joy at every new power acquired; they give us the secret of her after life, the nervous, remorseful nature, the quick temper, the sensitive heart abandoned to its own thoughts, allowed to make its own conclusions and from them lay down its own rule of action. Seldom helped or encouraged would not the future always be darkened by the baffling of the child's confidence and the dampening of its better impulses? She says so herself: "My temper might have been early made a thoroughly good one, by the slightest indulgence shown to my natural affections and any rational dealing with my faults; but I was almost the youngest of a large family and subject, not only to the rule of severity to which all were liable, but also to the rough and contemptuous treatment of the elder children who meant no harm but injured me irreparably."

Blending Lights, or Relations of Natural Science, Archaeology and History to the Bible. Rev. William Fraser, LL.D. Revised edition. American Tract Society.

The whole plan of the book could not be better stated than by the title itself. It is not a furious attack upon Science. It is not even an apology for the Sacred Word. It is an honest attempt to show the two to be complementary--the Bible confirming the truth of Science, and Science in its turn confirming Bible truth. And certainly it is hard for Scientists to bulwark themselves behind reason and lay siege to the strongholds of God's word; and it does seem a waste of precious time for the men of the ministry to step aside and apologize for the seeming errors of truth. These lights must finally blend--the light from above guiding the Wise Men in their search till they pay their homage at the feet of Christianity. We feel that the Bible Revision now in progress will render questioning even more difficult than now, and excuse even more useless. The temptations to ministers just from the class-room teaching to indulge in polemics, we doubt not, are very great, but a Gospel and not a Scientific ministry, is the work for them. There are older and wiser heads that can treat these questions more ably than they.

EXCHANGES.

At the close of another—only the thirty-second—volume of the NASSAU LIT., the extremely natural question arises, “Is it worth continuing?” Well, once upon a time, we thought this out of dispute. Ever and anon, voices were wafted to our ears, *sub rosa*, the very mildest of which seemed to say, “The LIT.’s a success.” Papers like the New York *Post* and Newark *Advertiser* said a word or two that was rather encouraging, and the verdict of our exchanges—of character—was almost unanimous. Still we are not reconciled. The LIT. has proved *experimentally* a failure—to our light neighbor, the *Princetonian*. Light is eulogistic by contrast. *We* are heavy. It is an editorial, not a contribution. It dreads the charge of being called “heretical;” but why a brasier should be frightened at this, especially when it means the settling of great questions and the display of marvelous knowledge, we fail to see. It says, “vital changes are needed to make the LIT. the magazine it ought to be.” Dear friend, we’re sensitive; very sensitive to our slightest fault; so sensitive, that this “vital changes” takes us completely off our feet. A studied leader, indeed! and, therefore, the lapsus is unintentional, when it states, “the papers of other Colleges say that the LIT. is too antiquated.” We cannot recall to mind any such criticism in our exchange relations, nor could it come, we ween, from any save one—a sheet out of the pale of high character—the *Cornell I Yell Era*, which would hardly be cited by the *Princetonian*, at this period of interesting tournaments with the same. It utterly annihilates the Olla-pod, and thereupon advertises the *Bric à Brac*, and, in exceedingly good taste, remarks, “*The Princetonian* will have full accounts of all these matters.” That’s interesting, highly. Then it handles in a most novel way the great question, “What, then, will you leave for the LIT.?” Readable essays and variety are altogether new to us. And then, by our halidom, “The LIT. is now as large as many of the magazines of the great publishing houses.” That’s the unkindest—we’ve been trying a long time to cover this sin by a charitable and distracting device on our cover—a device upon which the diminutive *Dartmouth*, the *Niagara Index* of the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels and the *Cornell I Yell Era*, successively spilt their Sophomore soot, and thus kept safely from beyond their depths. Even this, alas! is ineffectual, and our size is mercilessly exposed by—the truly original distinction between quantity and quality, which many “forget.”

What precedes is said, as the fable, to point the moral: Gray hairs should be respected by all—particularly by one who has not yet laid aside the “triangular trousers” of infancy. We are not too old to welcome sensible suggestions; but comments, gratuitous and indiscriminate, Job himself could not brook. Thus our hitherto silent policy toward the home paper is temporarily broken. We indulge the hope, however, that less presumption and fewer Spitz propensities will rapidly restore golden silence.

What we read in the *Yale Lit.* for April, we found excellent. “Thomas Carlyle” is vigorous in thought and treatment—at times, catching the spirit of Carlyle himself. The style is not the one that usually wins in prize contests. We commend it, however, as we like a certain freedom of expression, and believe those styles are best which best express the man. “Egotism” is especially pleasing; and a hurried look at “Tito as a Study of Character” assures us that it is riper than the ordinary college analysis of character.

The prospectus of the *Columbia Spectator*, a bi-weekly paper, soon to be established at Columbia, promises well, whatever be the result. The plan is good. We accord it a place on our exchange list with pleasure and recommend it to the kindly care of our successors.

Miss. Univers. Mag.—With a change of editors the *Mag.* comes forth full almost to overflowing with literary matter. This is customary with new editors. The novelty of having the control of a magazine inspires them to superhuman efforts; but the dearth of contributory support will become unpleasantly evident as the months roll on. We wish them better success than their predecessors had. The eulogies upon Poe and Curran in this number are sadly school-boyish, swarming with dates and quotations. Biographies are, of all articles, the hardest to write well, and of all articles they are the most numerous. But this is no excuse for the appearance of such as these two. The standard could be raised with great benefit to the *Magazine*. Whether it is, or not, common sense should never allow the publication of another article like “The Pyramids.” Such a combination of the sublime and the ridiculous is seldom to be seen. One sentence will be sufficient.

“These monuments of human toil and patience, these landmarks of ages, whose origin is yet a matter of conjecture, are still standing on the flaming hill, shrouded in the myths of antiquity. The material of which they are composed, historians tell us, is the most durable in nature.”

The Dartmouth.—We have scanned all there is in it, and that is very little. A few effusions on trite subjects, with a witty piece here and there, fill up the pages of our venerable friend. The editorials we do not mention.

Trinity Tablet is mourning the want of activity among her College Associations. We doubt if Trinity is the only one that can complain of Associations that have started out grandly with constitution and officers, and after a brilliant flash or two have passively passed into the background and been forgotten. It

is but one of those abandoned wagons we are always meeting on the College roadside. The *Tablet's* editorials and contributions have sadly fallen behind the standard she was pursuing. They are actually not up to the later attempts of the *Dartmouth*.

Bowdoin Orient is far ahead of the average college paper in the good common sense of its editorials—a trifle too long perhaps, and here and there a departure from pure diction, but making up for this in point and power.

Lafayette Journal.—We have seldom dared to burrow 'neath the gray covers and flaming advertisements of this portentous friend. When we did we were amused—to find so much there, and of so little account. Outside of Clippings and Personals there is barely anything left; while there is not the slightest attempt at a literary article. It had much better be changed to a bi-weekly paper of fewer pages, than be what it is. Under such an arrangement it might be made readable and more successful in general.

The April *Vassar Mis.* is fair. In "The Habit of Close Thinking" we see hopeful signs for the future of the other half. The wail of sorrow at the departure of the Yale Glee Club becomes slightly sarcastic, when we recollect the shower of decayed pickles.

The *Round Table* is a few pegs above Western papers, as they run—nothing striking though. A little nonsense in the *Table* is relished now and then even by the wisest men.

The last *Targum* is an improvement. Its articles are short and on college topics. Its gleanings are well gathered.

The *Advocate* must have been napping when it admitted that bit of *news*, "The War," to its columns.

Since our last issue we have received the following:

Vassar Mis., *Yale Lit.*, *Virginia Univ. Mag.*, *Hamilton Lit.*, *Southern Collegian*, *Crimson*, *Yale Courant*, *Yale Record*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Harvard Lampoon*, *Dartmouth*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Volante*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Oberlin Review*, *Colby Echo*, *Cornell Era*, *Targum*, *Williams Athenæum*, *Ingham Circle*, *Univ. Missourian*, *Niagara Index*, *Univ. Mag.*, *Sibyl*, *Besom*, *Boston Univ. Beacon*, *Miss. Univ. Mag.*, *College Echo*, *Round Table*, *Cheltenham Record*, *Brunonian*, *Cornell Review*, *Lafayette College Journal*, *College Mercury*, *Bates Student*, *Rochester Campus*, *Acta Columbiana*, *Forest and Stream*, *American Architect and Building News*, *New York World*, *Boston Transcript*, *New Brunswick Fredonian*.

PERSONAL.

'20, Dr. Harvey Lindsly, President of the Princeton Alumni Association of Washington.

'32, John Forsyth, Died recently. He had been District Attorney of Georgia, Minister to Mexico, U. S. Representative, and editor of the *Mobile Register*.

'36, Rev. John Miller, His last book entitled "Questions Awakened by the Bible" subjected him to a Presbyterian *auto da fe*, and suspended him from the ministry of that church.

'48, Dr. William C. Cattell, President of Lafayette, was in town not long since.

'53, Joseph Alward, Elected District Court Judge by New Jersey Senate.

'60, Dr. C. DeWitt, U. S. Army, In town lately.

'61, Rev. John DeWitt, Also paid us a visit.

'66, John A. Blair, District Court Judge.

'70, Adrian Joline and wife spent last Sunday in town. Also, C. B. Alexander.

'71, A. G. Van Cleve, Married the 26th of April, to Miss Hendrickson of Princeton.

'73, Cowen, Hubbell; '74, Root, Taylor, Thompson; '75, Brown, Kargé, Porter, Reilly, Sheldon, Snow, Graduated this year from Columbia Law School.

'73, Rev. George H. Duffield, Married on the 24th inst.

'73, Dr. Arthur Pell, Married on the 24th inst.

'74, Bluch Blydenburgh, Making some of the best shots at Creedmoor.

'74, Sam Loose, In town.

'74, McPherson, Delivers the Master's Oration this year.

'74, Scarlet, Partner in a law firm in Denver, Col.

'76, Cowen, Our bucolic friend is raising cattle on the plains of Missouri.

'76, Jenkins, Sailed for Europe on the 12th inst.

'76, Schenck, Survives, unmarried.

'76, Gillespie, Deputy Collector of Revenue in North Carolina, while discharging the duties of his office shot a man through the arm, who threatened him with an axe. Gill can't be bulldozed.

'77, McCorkle, In Wanamaker's, Philadelphia.

'78, Romantic Reed's around.

